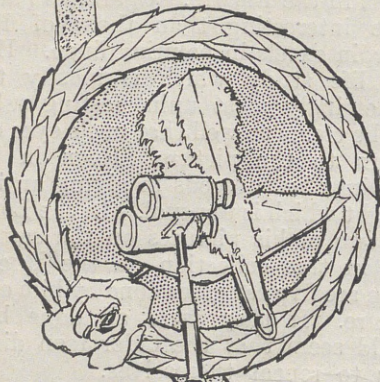
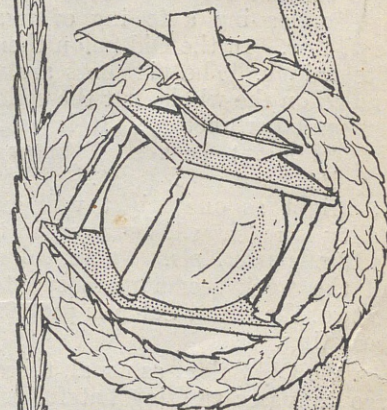
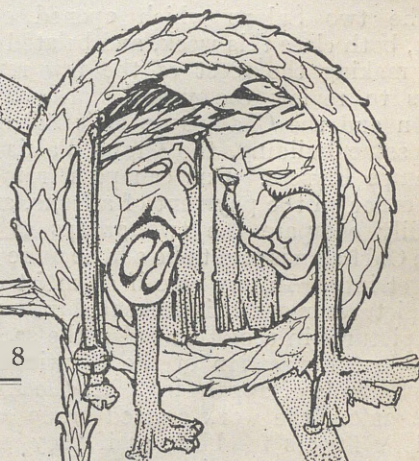
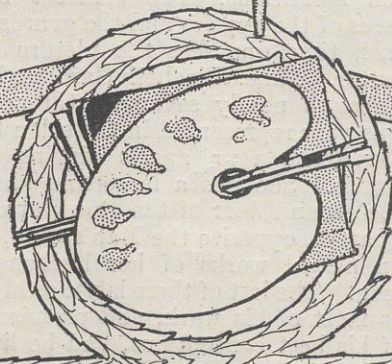
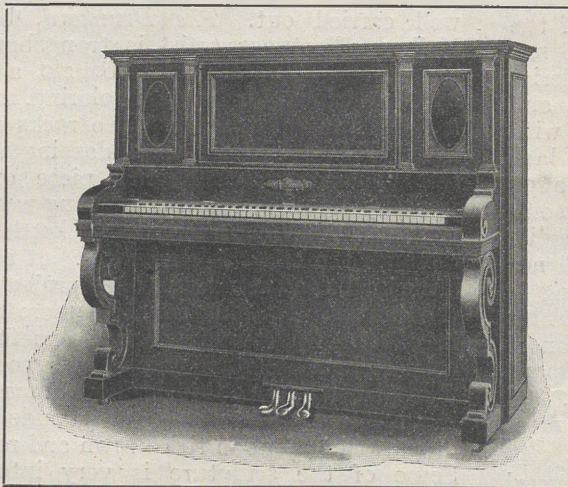


# Graphic



VOL. XXVII. Los Angeles, Cal., July 20, 1907. No. 8



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# An Art Critic in Paris

By PEREZ H. FIELD

Paris, France, June 27, 1907.

A succession of cloudy days during the last few weeks has robbed Paris of that aspect of gaiety for which the city is famous. What sunshine there has been was pale stuff, without sparkle or dancing beams to glint on gilded domes. The day of the Grand Prix was one of the brightest and helped to enliven the progress of the King and Queen of Denmark as they went in state from place to place with postilions and amidst a lot of clattering dragoons. Although the people of Paris gathered in numbers to see their Majesties and the President pass, little enthusiasm was shown for the spectacle and a good deal of light banter was expressed, the crowd seeming to be ashamed of even the slight interest it displayed in royalty.

The two Salons which opened on May first, both close this week, and belated visitors are making the most of the few remaining days to review the year's work. The Old Salon and the Champs de Mais Salon are in the same building, the Grand Palais on the Champs Elysees. One can pass from one to the other on the payment of a franc, and thus readily compare the two groups of artists. The Old Salon is said to be a little more difficult to get into. In any case if an artist displays his pictures in one he is prevented from showing his pictures in the other Salon the same year. The first impression of the paintings in the Old Salon is disappointing. At the Academy, in London, the work seemed crude as if the artist's fingers fumbled, as if they were not sure of their technique. But the galleries there seemed bright. There were ideas and impulse, leaving a feeling of freshness with the visitor. In the Old Salon there is no lack of technique. The pigments are well enough handled on the whole, but the collection seems inert and perfunctory. It is as if the artist said, "I paint because I know how," not "I paint because I must." The coloring is not bright as one might well expect. This quality is redeemed, however, in the Salon of the Champs de Mais. There, color is rampant and the work seems more spontaneous. Of the two, the newer Salon is probably the most interesting.

In the Old Salon, as usual, there are several large canvases treating hateful subjects, allegories of blood and pain and power. *The Pedestal*, by Laparra, is one of these, an enormous canvas full of blood and smoke and dead, grey men, surmounted by a horseman triumphant in scarlet cloak and gore. Facing this is another large canvas by Louis Beroud, called *The Destruction of Sodom*, where everyone seems to be having a very bad time of it, as they probably should, under the circumstances. *Andalousie*, by P. Aibera, is a striking picture of three panels, telling the dramatic story of a Spaniard's love, one scene representing the death struggle between the rivals. A piece of brilliant coloring is given in *The Olives*, by A. Pouchin. It is a landscape, evidently of the south, luxuriant in sunset tints. J. Bail has a picture of a couple of nuns putting away linen, which is excellent. They are working in a room flooded with sunlight, and the work is restrained enough to seem more serious than impressionistic endeavor. Another sunny picture is a study of sail boats by Bellanger Adheimar. The boats and water in this are better than the sky. Maurice Chabas has a large, very impressionistic garden scene whereon the paint is apparently laid

with sticks. The state has bought a study of two peasant women by Crockepierre which is remarkable for its clearness of tone. In an adjoining room are two portraits, one of President Fallieres, by Bonnat, which must be an excellent likeness, done with the artist's usual striking realism, and the other a portrait of President Roosevelt, done by Cecile de Wentworth, than which nothing could be worse. The likeness is poor, and the President has an expression of utter disgust as if he had just had a whiff of another political corruption, too much, even, for his seasoned olfactories. Vasoprez has gained a medal of the third class with a picture of the arrest of two gypsies by the customs guardsmen in the mountains. The contrast between the faces of the gypsies and the guards is good and each time one sees the picture one likes it better. Mme. Elizabeth Gardiner Bougoureau, although nearly seventy, still paints, and is this year represented in the salon by a *Song of Christmas*; four angels singing among the clouds. She has a large and airy studio on the ground floor of the Rue Notre Dames des Champs, opposite the Man's Club, where some unfinished works of her husband are to be seen. The last of these is not so highly finished as most of his work, and promised to be one of his best conceptions, had he lived to complete it. The Rosa Bonheur prize this year has been awarded to L. Roger for a large study of half nude men lowering a beam into a pit. The straining muscles and sense of effort are well carried out. *The Drunkard*, by José Malhoa, a Portuguese artist, is strong, but rather unpleasant. The state has bought a marine by Olive which, for depth of coloring, might be a California coast scene. The rocks glow in light, willing barriers to a dashing summer sea. There is a wonderful piece of brass work by Deligny, showing a young woman on the floor, polishing a large brass kettle. At a distance the effect is marvelous. It seems as if the knobs and handles actually projected from the canvas. Nothing could be more brilliant in effect. On close inspection one finds the color to be a dull olive green and lemon white. Two pictures by C. Goutier have some charming coloring. They are partly nude studies of workmen, done in rich brown and red tints. Some of the sculpture is very interesting, notably a running figure called *Euchydas Fetching the Sacred Fire from Delphes*. The face is graceful and the whole figure is full of action. One curious piece called *Winter*, is an old lady, life size, coming down some stone steps covered with snow. Each time one goes to the Salon one finds individual pictures of great interest. One is constantly discovering new beauties here and there, but as a whole, it lacks freshness.

There are not so many exhibits all told in the New Salon as in the old and the exhibitors are not confined to two pictures, as several show as many as five or six canvases. F. Montenard has a large fresco destined for some public building in Marseilles. It shows a procession of women in white carrying a bronze statue of Apollo up the hillside to a temple. The landscape is attractive, painted in semi-tropic colors. A. P. Bernard has two large frescoes for the Petit Palais, one called *Thought* and the other *Matter*. *Matter* is allegorically represented by a Satyr dragging a figure of a nude woman down from a sky full of cupids. The coloring in this is bright and attractive. *Thought* is a group of rather colored people in a cupidless sky. If one may believe M.

Bernard, *Matter* has the best of it. Perhaps *Thought* is jaundiced anyhow. Let the happy, unthinking one cheer themselves with this reflection.

H. Speed shows a full length portrait of Edward VII. La Gandara has a portrait of Mme. Gabriele d'Annunzio, who looks as if she were going to tumble off her chair. Bodini has a headless and armless *Man Who Walks*. It has all the appearance of an antique, great pieces being beaten out of the back and legs. It retains, however, a wonderful feeling of activity.

The great value of the New Salon is in its coloring. However much one may deplore the very evident lack of drawing in many cases, the great spontaneity and individuality of the coloring among these must have a good effect. There are many more landscapes among the Champs de Mais painters than in the other part of the building, and strangely enough it seems that the landscape lends itself better to vivid tints than any sort of human drapery. The brilliancy of the coloring in the New Salon is so great that after visiting it, if one crosses over to the Petit Palais, where the City of Paris has hung a collection of modern paintings, one feels disappointed; an effect we surely would not feel if one were to go the the Petit Palais first. The disappointment in this case is only temporary, of course. But the result of so much vivid color in the new work must be optimistic for good, and eventually replace in a great measure the dominance of greys and browns and mournful tones generally.

Many of the artists seem to think that it is sufficient to paint anything as long as it is painted well, which ends in a sort of glorification of the commonplace. More attractive subjects would not injure the excellence of the technique, and in some cases it might make a good picture a great one. There is a collection in the galleries of George Pitit, on the Rue de Seize of the works of Chardin (1699-1779) and Honore Fragonard (1752-1806). Over two hundred paintings by these men are shown. Both of these are well known by their works in the Louvre. Chardin's paintings are more interesting than those of Fragonard. Chardin excels in painting linen. He has one still life study which is mostly tablecloth, a seemingly most uninteresting subject, but one he treats so well that one's eyes constantly return to the picture. Even in his pencil drawings he succeeds in giving an impression of light which is unusual. In the Louvre there are two of his pictures on the same subject, and in this collection on the Rue de Seize there are five canvases done by him of the same picture. If they were all done by him it would seem that the older men did not disdain to repeat themselves.

At the National Library there is also a loan collection of portraits, drawings, paintings and manuscripts, all of them old and many of them portraits of historical characters. It is delightful to see the number of people here in all of the galleries. These visitors are not all tourists, although there are plenty of them. One sees workmen and middle class Frenchmen of all sorts walking about, intent on the works of art displayed. There are fewer people at the salons than at any of the other galleries.

There is a constant coming and going of Americans. Mr. Porterfield, of Pasadena, has just left for home with a party of friends, among whom was Rev. Dr. Dowling.



R. H. Hay Chapman  
Editor

# Graphic

Winfield Scott  
Manager

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## Matters of Moment

At the time that the San Francisco grand jury was investigating the affairs of the Home Telephone Company, it so happened that many of the most respected citizens of Los Angeles were subpoenaed to shed

### Not Trying These Cases.

what light they could on the subject. Among these men were A. B. Cass, W. C. Patterson, William Mead, Thomas W. Phillips, James H. Adams, J. S. Torrance and others whose names we do not recall at the moment. Subsequently, Dr. John R. Haynes and E. T. Earl were called, we fully believe at the instigation of the Los Angeles Times in order that its campaign of hatred against these two men might be furthered.

To all intents and purposes every daily newspaper in Los Angeles called each and all of these men guilty. They were held up to the public eye, practically, in the guise of men who were on the way to San Quentin. The Examiner even printed photographs of some of them behind a net.

On April 13 the Graphic published an editorial entitled, *Not Trying These Cases*, in which we said:

*"Before this inquiry of the San Francisco grand jury is over, and before the trials that will ensue are completed, diversions without number will crop up, to the end that somebody's private axe may be ground or that somebody's spleen given vent. These forays and skirmishes should be disregarded by the unbiased reader."*

*"The one central question is:*

*"Who bribed the San Francisco supervisors and fattened the ring?"*

*"Every scoundrel who did so should be sent to San Quentin."*

That editorial was written because the Graphic did not join in the hue and cry against the Home Telephone people and convict them out of hand. Just now, because we have failed to convict everybody of every charge made in the heat and the turmoil of the political and economic battle in progress in San Francisco, the same forces which looked aslant at this statement of our position in April are looking aslant now.

We have investigated the situation in San

Francisco pretty thoroughly. The position which we take is supported by nine-tenths of the solid, sane, respectable class of its citizens; it is identical with that assumed by the *Argonaut*, which, frankly speaking, has more influence than all of the hysterical boodling dailies of San Francisco combined.

We hold that it is the duty of the courts, not the newspapers, to decide the guilt or innocence of the men under indictment in San Francisco.

While we believe that there is a business conspiracy of the first magnitude afloat in San Francisco to secure control of the street railroad franchises, this is another matter. While we believe that the Spreckels-Heney combination, the real rulers of San Francisco, have not given proper police protection to the United Railroads, this, too, is another matter. While we believe that the regeneration of San Francisco can be accomplished only by breaking the political power of the labor unions as well as cleansing its city government, this is still another matter.

The central fact is that a fair trial is coming to every man accused of crime. The law guarantees this; the duty of the courts is to secure it. And amid all the lying and skirmishing that is going on in the north, we decline to try anybody.

Just a prediction. Six months hence and people will know more than they imagined possible. There is a saving clause of sanity in most men's minds.

"Any man who slays the destroyer of his family or the destroyer of his wife's, sister's or daughter's honor, will be acquitted by any jury south of Mason and Dixon's line or the Ohio River." Such was the

**Unwritten Law.** comment made by a southern gentleman after reading a telegram from Laplata, Maryland. Here is the dispatch that called forth the comment:

LA PLATA, (Md.) July 12—The statement made by Mrs. Mary E. Bowie that she only wanted "twelve Marylanders" on the jury to try her for killing Hubert Posey because Posey would not wed her daughter, Priscilla Bowie, was justified today when the jury, after being out only five minutes, returned a unanimous verdict of acquittal. It was only formality that caused them to leave their seats, for all had decided before

they left the jury box to uphold the unwritten law.

Following the Loving-Estes and the Bywaters-Strother cases, the verdict today is the third one in succession recently in Maryland and Virginia to uphold the unwritten law.

In the Virginia cases there was some attempt to work under the cover of the insanity plea but in the Bowie-Posey trial, Mrs. Bowie said she deliberately shot and killed Posey and Representative Sydney E. Mudd and State Senator Adrian Posey asked for an acquittal on the unwritten law alone.

It is the first time this plea has been used in this section of the country by a woman and a mother. The climax in the trial came today when Congressman Mudd had the fatherless baby of Priscilla Bowie in his arms before the jury and said: "As you are men of Maryland and citizens of the United States, I ask you, in the name of justice and humanity, to christen this poor, little, two month's old child with the name of its faithless father. Gentlemen, I make this plea for the innocent infant, born in shame, and the betrayed mother—I ask you to christen this baby Hubert Posey, that it may have a name and a place in the world."

At this point, Priscilla Bowie wept so loudly that the crowd that was jammed in the courtroom was moved to tears.

Considered from the human interest viewpoint, that scene in the Maryland court room is what the irreverent representatives of the daily press would call a "peach." With the result of this trial and of other similar trials in mind, it would seem certain that were Harry Kendall Thaw to be tried in the south, his acquittal would follow.

It is a significant commentary on our civilization that lynching and private murder to avenge certain lapses of the moral code have the support of thousands of good men and women ordinarily lawabiding; who will sternly punish theft and other crimes against property and all but two crimes against the person. Right down in the innermost heart of a large percentage of the American people there still survives this legacy from primeval man.

Colonel Henry Watterson has undertaken the task of separating the South permanently from Bryan. In this mission he has the support of *Harper's Weekly* and other publica-

tions that fairly represent the opinions of millionaireshood. **Watterson And Bryan.** Colonel Watterson's objections to Mr. Bryan are three:

The south is opposed to "free silver," a



doctrine that Colonel Watterson considers the first of Bryan's vagaries.

The south, so Colonel Watterson states, is opposed to government ownership of railways. This, to *Harper's Weekly*, is State Socialism. Colonel Watterson is mistaken if he believes that those who favor government ownership are confined to the ranks of the socialists.

Finally Colonel Watterson speaks of the "initiative and referendum as not worth talking about," and as "chiefly attractive to

Chautauqua assemblies." Herein is found the most decayed plank of the colonel's anti-Bryan campaign. Colonel Watterson should make another western trip and while in Los Angeles will have ample time to investigate the recall and other things not "chiefly attractive to Chautauqua assemblies." There is now no Press Club with its allurements of poker to distract the colonel's mind and so he can pursue the inquiry free from distressing inroads into his time. The colonel should know that the initiative, the referendum and the recall, together with other "heretical"

political engineering have been thoroughly tested; where tried will not be abandoned. These things which harass the colonel's mind, have even penetrated the Oklahoma Constitution. And if San Francisco had had the recall, the country would not be subjected to the humiliation of witnessing an American city ruled by a confessed boodler as mayor and a board of confessed boodling supervisors.

Travel, Colonel. It will broaden the mind and may even teach you, a Bourbon of the Bourbons, that something worth while may occur west of the Mississippi River.

## From the Inside

IX.

Heney's Hypnotic Influence and his Victims—Why the *Graphic* has Espoused Calhoun's Cause—A Fight for Industrial Freedom and the Sacred Liberty of the Individual—The Unclean Farce of Government by the "Big Stick"—Boxton's Appointment was too Much—Splits in the Big Stick.

San Francisco, July 15th.

Do those good people in Los Angeles, who succumbed so easily to the hypnotic eye of Francis Heney, and who are still bringing their tributes of adoration to the shrine of Rudolph Spreckels, ever intend to wake up from their dreams and recognize facts? How long will they be "buffaloed" by the Arizonian? Many of my friends in the Municipal League, I understand, are gravely concerned in that the *Graphic* has been intrepid enough to criticize the graft crusade and to imply that such great and good men as Spreckels, Heney and Langdon have laid themselves open to criticism. But in all humility I should like to point out to them that I have been on the firing line for over two months and have examined to the best of my ability and without prejudice every phase of the complicated situation.

No paper in the state has given more enthusiastic support to Spreckels and Heney in their crusade to purify San Francisco, than the *Graphic*. From the perspective that one got at a distance of five hundred miles, it appeared that Mr. Spreckels was entirely disinterested; that he had no other motives than those of a large taxpayer wishing to exterminate corruption, and that Heney was an unselfish zealot, patriotic and unpaid.

I came to San Francisco because I realized that the street car strike foreshadowed perhaps the greatest industrial struggle that this country has ever witnessed, and I wished to observe it at close range. For ten years San Francisco has been the stronghold of trade unionism in the United States. Both its industrial and political control have been surrendered to labor unions, with the most disastrous results. It has been obvious to me for some time that unless San Francisco could escape the thralldom of labor union domination her reconstruction would be terribly impeded; that unless she could free herself from the political shackles which the labor union party had put upon her, she could not hope for a permanent purification. I was astounded and disappointed to discover that Spreckels and Heney had aligned themselves deliberately and wantonly with the leaders of labor unionism; that they were giving all the aid and comfort they could to the promoters of industrial strife, and that their energies were concentrated against Patrick Calhoun and the United Railroads. It was obvious that the United Railroads was entitled to the protection, guaranteed by the laws and con-

stitution of this state and this nation, to operate its cars without let or hinderance, under the law. It would have been extraordinary that such a right could be questioned had we not all been familiar with the fact that for many years the right of a man to work in San Francisco without subscribing to a labor union has been challenged.

### Their Common Cause.

In the first few days of the strike I witnessed such scenes as I believe would be possible in no other city in the Union. Women who chose to ride on the cars were insulted by hoodlums using the foulest epithets. I myself, within three days of my arrival in the city, was assaulted as I got off a car. Lawlessness, disorder and crime were to be found on every side, and to my amazement and chagrin I found that the two men to whom we were giving greater laud and honor than any two citizens in California had won for many years, were hand in glove with the labor union leaders and the promoters of disorder. It was soon obvious to me that the labor unions and the Spreckels-Heney combination had one common cause, and an unworthy one—to do up Patrick Calhoun at all hazards. The fact that the declaration of a needless strike, compounding a vile breach of faith, and the indictment of Patrick Calhoun and other officials of the United Railroads were simultaneous, supplied yet another evidence of a conspiracy.

### Not A Fair Fighter.

I interviewed Francis J. Heney. I interviewed James D. Phelan. I interviewed Patrick Calhoun. In a twenty minutes' conversation with Mr. Heney he deliberately attempted to deceive me. He was extraordinarily boastful but he did not tell me the truth. Mr. Heney may argue that he had a right to deceive me; that there was no occasion or propriety for him to disclose the prosecution's hand to me. I approached him as a friend and in confidence. He rejected that confidence by fencing with the truth. To be specific—I asked Mr. Heney if it was true that the prosecution had given the boodling supervisors immunity contracts. He denied it. I had in my pocket a copy of the immunity contract given to Supervisor Charles Boxton. I produced it and asked Heney if it was authentic. Although the truth of this same contract was established in the Glass trial last week,

at the time of my interview with Mr. Heney he denied it; not once, or twice, but thrice. For twenty years in the newspaper business I have sought the confidence of men with whom I had to deal, and such confidence usually has been given frankly and freely. Nor, I think, has any man who has ever given me such confidence ever had cause to regret it. Mr. Heney's attempt to deceive me was not the only incident that shook my faith in him. During that interview he said much that disclosed his character to me, so that I saw his strength and his weakness. His great boast is that he is a fighter, and his popularity is doubtless due to this fact. But I no longer consider him a fair fighter, and I am convinced of his inordinate conceit.

The interview I had with Mr. Phelan confirmed my belief that Spreckels had been and still was at the head of the scheme to wrest the street railroad control in San Francisco from Calhoun. Mr. Phelan was not able to conceal the animus by which he and his friend Rudolph Spreckels were consumed. In my first letter to the *Graphic* I pointed out the bitter resentment that these Native Sons betrayed against what they chose to consider an intrusion of eastern capital. Spreckels, Phelan & Co. had attempted to control the policies of the United Railroads. They had tried to dictate to Calhoun. They had failed. They were sore. They have bent every effort to undermine the business and the franchises of the United Railroads and to "down" Patrick Calhoun.

I interviewed Patrick Calhoun. Now I wish my friend, Koepfli, or Charley Willard, or any of the Los Angeles reformers who seemed to have swallowed Heney at a gulp and to believe that Patrick Calhoun is an ogre and a corruptionist, an unworthy man and an enemy to this city, could come up here and have fifteen minutes' conversation with the president of the United Railroads. If Mr. Calhoun could not convince either Willard or Koepfli of the righteousness of his cause and of his own power and worth, I will eat all the humble pie that the Bishop Company can manufacture.

### Calhoun's Cause.

Mr. Calhoun is one of the strongest personalities it has ever been my fortune to meet. With all the strength of a great brain, far-seeing and commanding, and a splendid physique, he is neither arrogant nor didactic. He is always reasonable. Mr. Calhoun has



championed the great cause of industrial freedom. He has stood for the liberty of the individual—a cause and a principle for which every good American must fight or else subscribe to revolution. Mr. Calhoun undertook this great fight unaided and alone. His advisers told him that the open shop was an impossibility in San Francisco; that such a policy would wreck the United Railroads, and it has even been held out to him that if he would only yield he would escape prosecution on the indictments brought against him. He has not yielded an inch, and never will yield an inch, because he is fighting for a principle, the justice and righteousness of which he is convinced. The strike has cost Mr. Calhoun's company already over a million dollars. But he has won the strike. And in doing so he has delivered San Francisco once and for all from the shameful predominance of trade unionism and the prevalence of their strikes with all the lawlessness, bloodshed and murder that follow in their wake. I do not believe Mr. Calhoun guilty of a single crime with which he has been charged by Spreckels and Heney and indicted by the grand jury.

The history of the street car strike in San Francisco as narrated two weeks ago in the *Graphic* by Mr. Calhoun himself demonstrates incontrovertibly that his attitude toward the Carmen's Union during the last five years has not only been fair and just, but extraordinarily considerate. The facts as set forth by Calhoun are not challenged. They cannot be challenged. They demonstrate that he has hewed fast to the line of his life-long Democratic convictions. He has been a friend of trade unionism, believing that it is the right of every man in a free country to unite with his fellows to advance their mutual interest, and that unions among any class of free citizens for the promotion of their general welfare and advancement are entirely legitimate. But when a union declares that no man shall labor unless he belongs to a union, and that he conform his hours of labor and his terms of labor to the union's dictation, "it break a sacred law, human and divine." Pandering to public clamor in favor of combinations and men to deny the liberty of the individual, must undermine the very foundations of every constitutional government. This has been and is Patrick Calhoun's fight. He could have yielded and saved himself and his company many hundreds of thousands of dollars. He could have yielded and perhaps have made terms with Spreckels, Heney and the labor union leaders; but if he had yielded he would no longer have been Patrick Calhoun.

In this measure, Mr. Calhoun's fight is the *Graphic's* fight.

If such good friends in Los Angeles as I have mentioned can controvert this position, then they show an amazing disregard of those undeniable principles which have made Los Angeles what she is and have contributed enormously to their own individual fortunes and happiness.

#### *The Unclean Farce.*

What do the adherents of the Spreckels-Heney regime think of the occurrences in San Francisco during the last week? Do they realize that the Spreckels-Heney-Langdon triumvirate is responsible for the most unclean farce that ever disgraced municipal government? Do my Municipal League friends still believe that the triumvirate is not playing politics? If so, they will find few men in San Francisco of any information whatever to agree with them. It is no exaggeration to say that the prosecution's elevation to the mayoralty of Dentist Charles Boxtton, the most shameless

and the cheapest of the boodling supervisors, struck the average San Franciscan dumb with amazement. It was the last straw to break the long-suffering camel's back. San Francisco had stood the humiliation of being misrepresented and "governed" by the prosecution's "good dogs" for four months. The prosecution had promised a mayor of whom the city need not be ashamed not later than June 27, but in its fatuous plan of "pleasing everybody" of course it fell down. Gallagher's promotion was endured only as a temporary inconvenience and disgrace, with a promise of amelioration. But a Boxtton was too much even for so long-suffering a community.

#### *The Split Big Stick.*

The truth is just as I foreshadowed last week—the "Big Stick" is split. I explained the prosecution's obligation to Hearst and the *Examiner*, and the latter's insistence that J. J. Dwyer, president of the Independence League, should accede to the throne. But Spreckels would not stand for such an appointment, which would give the balance of power to Hearst and take it away from him. Moreover, the Big Stick is further split. Langdon is jealous because his light has been so dimmed by the effulgence of Francis Heney. It has now become a race between Langdon and Heney as to which of the two shall pluck the Democratic plum of high political reward which seems to be ripening. Indeed, I hear on the best authority that Spreckels, Heney and Langdon each had a different candidate for mayor, besides Hearst's man, Dwyer. So, when their deliberations proved abortive, Mr. Langdon was deputed to "pass the buck" to a preposterously begotten convention. The phantasy of this convention did not last forty-eight hours, and was turned down both by the business men and the labor union cohorts. The only significance of the scheme is that once more the triumvirate exposed its hand in its willingness to pander to labor unionism. They called a convention of thirty delegates, fifteen of whom were to be the representatives of organized labor, and fifteen of the rest of the city. The absurdity of such apportionment is shown by the fact that the graft prosecutors gave to the lawless union element represented by the Council of Labor eight votes, while they gave to the Merchants' Association three; and gave the Building Trades Council seven, while they gave the Board of Trade three. This means that the prosecution was willing to recognize the lawless element in San Francisco to the extent of giving it fifteen votes out of the thirty. I say "lawless" advisedly.

#### *Lawbreakers.*

There is at present in San Francisco an illegal boycott in restraint of trade. Such offense is indictable by the grand jury and its statutory punishment is imprisonment in the penitentiary. Every man engaged in such illegal conspiracy is guilty of a felony. Such conspiracy is being carried out by a committee composed of ten members appointed by the Building Trades Council, and five by the Carmen's Union. It has been organized as a campaign strike committee, and its main object is to interfere unlawfully with the business of the United Railroads, to obstruct the operation of their cars and to molest their passengers by the instruments of the picket and the boycott.

This body of men, now engaged in illegal boycott and restraint of trade, is profoundly interested in the control of the Police Department. There is nothing that lawless unionism fears so much as the police. Preserve the law,

and it is impossible for any body of men to destroy industrial freedom and individual liberty.

But we witnessed the amazing spectacle of the law officers of this county, the graft prosecutors, giving to this lawless union element represented by the Council of Labor and the Building Trades Council a voice equal to that of the entire balance of the citizens of San Francisco.

It might be suggested that the proper chairman of a convention so constituted would have been Richard Cornelius, and its proper choice for mayor, Andrew Furuseth.

With Furuseth in the mayor's chair and Dick Cornelius as Chief of Police, the laws of this community would be strictly enforced in favor of industrial freedom—freedom with a club.

By such tactics San Francisco once more was made the laughing stock of her own citizens and a target of reproach throughout the world. Her municipal government has been a farce for many months and an unclean farce. Long ago the curtain should have been rung down on such a travesty on government.

The prosecution has been profuse in its apologies that it is not "playing politics." But it should be obvious that Mr. Spreckels and his colleagues, while professing to keep their skirts immaculate from political ambitions and private designs, have fallen by the wayside. If they had had the courage of their convictions they would have followed out their first program. They would have told Supervisor Lonergan or another of their "good dogs" to lie down and resign his office. In his stead on the Board of Supervisors they would have placed a man, not one who would "please everybody," but one of whose integrity of purpose and executive ability they themselves were satisfied. Then within twenty-four hours such a man could have occupied the mayor's chair, and this unclean farce would have been terminated.

The prosecution cannot shirk the responsibility of the position which it sought itself. The prosecution aimed at the control of the city government. It has had it for several months. Instead of cleaning out its supervisory kennel of "good dogs," and substituting in their place citizens who at least could be trusted by the prosecution to give the city an honest, able and dignified administration, it perpetrated the farce of keeping the "good dogs" at work and headed the pack with Boxtton.

#### *Moribund Agonies.*

The death throes of the Carmen's Union would be ridiculous if they were not pathetic, involving as they do hardship and suffering on hundreds of innocent families. The deluded strikers who are receiving a pittance of five to seven dollars a week for preposterous picket duty are bolstered up daily by the silly lies and exhortations of their discredited leaders. If it were not for the Carmen's Union busses, driven by overworked and underfed horses, and an occasional fight between a teamster who tries to obstruct the course of a street car and a motorman, a stranger in San Francisco would not realize that there was any strike. Every day shows an increase of passengers on the various lines; and last Sunday the United Railroads carried as many people as on an average Sunday before the strike. One hundred and sixty-eight of the old carmen have returned to the platforms, which fact in itself shows how widely the ranks of the union are split. Cornelius every day is yelping for an "honorable settlement" and accusing the United Railroads of misrepresent-



## Our American Humorists

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN

VI.

tation the untruth of which is patent to the ordinary observer. Owl service on many of the lines is now being resumed, and the daily breaches of the peace by strikers and their sympathizers do not average more than a half dozen a day. There has been no murder on the streets for ten days which is encouraging.

*The Fourth Mayor.*

Within a few hours from this writing San Francisco will be favored with the fourth occupant of the mayoralty chair within a month. The prosecution promises a satisfactory clean sweep and an end of the boodlers' reign. It looks as if this time the triumvirate might make good. It was their last chance.

*Zimmer's Course.*

Monday's sensation—and it is a rare day when San Francisco does not furnish one—was the refusal of Emile J. Zimmer, vice-president of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company, to testify in the Glass trial. Rather than give evidence which would incriminate his late chief he chose to go to the County Jail for five days—with the probability of indefinite sojourn in Sheriff O'Neil's hotel. This unexpected attitude on Zimmer's part aroused the wrath of Heney. In Delmas Heney has found exactly the antagonist to vex him most.

The most interesting feature of Zimmer's refusal to testify is that in the statement by Heney after Zimmer balked he insinuates that the grand jury will be urged by him to indict W. H. Crocker, who, next to I. W. Hellman, is the biggest banker in San Francisco. Heney directly accuses Crocker of having influenced Zimmer not to testify, and he points out that such action on Crocker's part is an indictable misdemeanor punishable by a year's imprisonment. Heney further says that Henry T. Scott has tried to "stall" the prosecution, and that Scott went to Rudolph Spreckels about two weeks ago and told him that an effort was being made to get Zimmer out of the country. Before the prosecution gets through with its labors it may itself be prosecuted for influencing witnesses. The immunity contracts given by the prosecution to the boodling supervisors were themselves in the nature of an influence, and furthermore are not worth the paper they are written on; for, as I pointed out some weeks ago, such immunity (probation) can only be dispensed by the court itself.

R. H. Hay Chapman.

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Thirty years ago Henry Ten Eyck White, sporting editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, contributed to that paper a series of short romances called *Lakeside Musings*, which were quoted by nearly every newspaper in the country and were unlike anything else ever attempted by any writer. They purported to be sketches of the inner life of Chicago's Four Hundred (thousand), or episodes of "two hearts that beat as one," exquisitely burlesqued. In all the range of American humor there has never been such a blend of serious and ridiculous as in these *Lakeside Musings*, nor anything that has held the reader so well, except, perhaps, the sayings of Mr. Dooley. These romances generally contained from three hundred to six or seven hundred words. The reproduction of a few of these sketches will inform the reader fully concerning Mr. White's style and prove amusing reading besides. The first romance is entitled, *Shoot the Souvenir*:

"Shoot that hat!"

Beatrice Brannigan's voice rang out loud and clear on the morning air as she stood in the vine covered woodshed in the rear of her father's residence and languidly fired some red-flannel shirts into a tub of hot water. He to whom she spoke lounged in careless grace over the low fence that separated the ancestral demesne of that of the Brannigans from the broad acres of the Mahoneys. Vivian Mahoney and Beatrice Brannigan had grown up together from childhood, and loved each other with a wild, passionate love that not even the fact of his having taken Cleopatra Corcoranto to the United Sons of Erin picnic could dispel.

"Where did you get it?" she cried.

"What?" asked Vivian.

"That dice box," said the girl, bursting forth with a merry laugh.

"It is my father's pet hat, Beatrice," he replied, "and he only lets me wear it on my birthday."

"If there was a hat like that in our family," she said, "I would get my name in the papers on account of it."

"How?" asked Vivian eagerly.

"I would," she said with a cold, cruel smile coming over her features, "give it to the Chicago Historical Society."

The second is entitled, *One Woman's Way*:

"Kiss me, darling."

Richard Irwin had toiled slowly and wearily up the two flights of stairs which led to his poor abode, and looked lovingly into the face of the girl who had given up parents, home, and everything that had made life happy, to become his wife. And as she stood there, her soft white arms twined lovingly around his neck, he saw that around the wan, drooping lips, that on the happy, by-gone days were so often raised to be kissed by his own, there were traces of pie.

Richard Irwin shuddered as he drew the lithe, yielding form still more closely to him, and as her head nestled confidently on his clavicle his face was bent forward, and he wept bitter, scalding tears of pain to think that his wife, Clytie Stiggins, Boston born and bred—a girl who habitually read Emerson, and whose essay on the theory of horizontal cleavage in red sandstone was only excelled by her paper on the fauna of the pliocene

period—should be reduced to eating pie in the morning.

"You are suffering, my darling," she said. "Can you not tell me, your wife, of your sorrow?"

"It is nothing," Richard replied, kissing her tenderly.

"Lemon pie, too," he murmured, in hoarse, agonized tones, as his lips left hers. "My God! This is terrible."

But mastering his emotions in an instant he turned again to Clytie. "It is of no use, sweetheart," he said; "I have walked the streets for weeks vainly searching for work."

"It is always darkest just before dawn, my precious," she murmured, "and no matter what betide, I have *you*," and, drawing his face to hers, she kissed him in a wild, passionate, grab-the-chair-if-you-want-to-stay-there manner.

Just then a noise as of someone dragging himself slowly and wearily up the stairs was heard. Presently it ceased, a messenger boy kicked open the door and, walking to where Richard Irwin sat, handed him a telegram. He tore open the envelope with trembling hands and read the message, the boy looking over his shoulder to see that everything was all right.

"We are saved, Clytie!" he said, in low, broken tones. "Your father is dead, and all his mackerel fishery is ours."

"Yes," murmured the girl, kneeling beside the chair on which her husband sat; "we are saved, Richard—saved by an acanthopterygian fish of the scomberoid family. Its body is fusiform, its first dorsal fin continuous, and its branchiostegal rays are seven in number"—and then, looking up suddenly, she saw the man she loved so well, and for whom she would

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have sacrificed her life, was lying cold and pulseless across the chair.

She had talked him to death.

A third is entitled, *His Fatal Love*:  
"Tie up the dog."

The tender grey twilight of a June evening was settling down upon the earth as Natalie McIntosh spoke these words and as she threw a light shawl over her pretty white shoulders whose rounded curves and soft flesh tints contrasted so well with the brilliant colors of the garment, and stepped out upon the lawn, where the star-eyed pansies and modest pinks were rearing their heads alongside the velvety green of the close trimmed grass plat that stretched away to the westward, the picture was indeed a pretty one. Passing through the flower beds and down the graveled walk until she came to a clump of willows whose branches were just stirred by the whisper of the night that came from the south, the girl paused and stood there, peering wistfully into the gloaming.

Presently George W. Simpson entered the gate and was soon at her side. For an instant no word was spoken between them; and, as they stood there, her arms about his neck, her head upon his shoulder, Natalie felt that without the love of this man her life would be a serious blank. Here was a deep, trusting, if-the-rope-breaks-we-are-gone love, that made her voice falter and die away when she spoke to George about it, and yet back of it there was ever a nameless fear, a vague terror, that seemed to rise like a black pall from out the mystic dreamland that was a part of her very nature.

"You love me?" she asked, looking up to George with eyes in which there shown the radiance of a tender, beautiful passion. "Love me better than all the world beside; better than you have ever loved any one in your whole life?"

George did not answer, for as Natalie spoke there came to him a haunting memory of dark, splendid eyes, a bright face, smiling and radiant, and dimpled and dewy scarlet lips that had often met his own in sweet, clinging don't-let-go-if-you-value-your-life kisses. He thought of all this as he bent tenderly over Natalie, her golden hair touching his cheek and the perfume from the lilies she wore mingling with his breath.

The girl noticed his silence. "Why do you not answer me?" she said.

George did not reply, but drawing her still closer to him would have kissed her again.

"I want no kisses," she exclaimed, passionately, withdrawing herself from his arms, "from lips that are not sacred to me alone. I have given you all that a woman can give—the love of her whole nature. My heart has been a lute for you to play upon, my whole existence a constant striving to make my love for you a holy and beautiful and pure one. For your sake I have looked renunciation in the face with tearless eyes, have given up much that is dear to me; and yet when I ask you if you love me there comes no answer from your lips, and your eyes do not look into mine," and drawing herself up in the imperious, whoa-Emma way that befitted her so well, she sat down on the rustic bench with a dull, sickening thud that told all too plainly of a broken bustle.

In an instant George was by her side, and Natalie was sobbing as if her heart would break. "Forgive me, darling," he murmured in low, brook beer tones.

"But I demand an answer," exclaimed the girl, passionately, "and again ask you if you ever loved another."

"I did," he replies, "loved her wildly, madly."  
"Who was it?" she asks, with cheeks aflame with the hot flush of anger.

Bending low over her, George whispers into her left ear the fatal words: "Lydia Pinkham!" and with a hollow, mocking laugh, flees into the darkness.

I remember that the following, entitled *Old Man Peterson's Way*, seemed to have pleased every newspaper in the country, as it appeared in thousands:

"You have broken my heart, Vivian."  
It was a fair-haired girl who spoke these words, and as they came from her lips Vivian Mahoney, the young man to whom they were addressed, leaned tenderly over Ferida Peterson and strove to kiss away the tears that were welling up in her beautiful, dreamy, brown eyes.

"I do not blame you," she continued in a broken voice. "She whom you will one day wed is fair to look upon, and when her warm kisses melt upon your lips it is not strange that you forget all else but that she would gladly be your wife, and that her father owns a coal-yard. But I love you with a mad, deathless passion that will burn out my life in the intensity of its flame. You have won my Scandinavian affections unwittingly, but you have won them, all the same. In the years that are to come, Vivian, when your children are playing at your knee and life seems like a fair dream, you will sometimes think of me—sometimes let a tender thought lie in your heart for the little flax-haired girl that knew no happiness so great as to hear your voice and see the gleam of the matinee tickets in your vest pocket? Tell me this, and when the leaves have turned brown under the blighting touch of autumn's chilly hand, and I shall have been put away forever in the little dell beyond the meadow, you will lead to the altar a happy bride and never know the sorrow I have felt."

"By yon bright moon I swear," said Vivian, taking another kiss on the fly, "that your memory shall ever be enshrined in my heart. Though my life may be one of tempest and storm, or a succession of sunny days, I shall always remember that you were my first, my only love." He was about to imprint another kiss on the rosy lips upheld to his, when a dull thud was heard, and Vivian lay senseless on the sidewalk.

Old Mr. Peterson had opened the front door and adjourned the meeting.

#### The Sprinter.

"On your marks!—set!" I crouched with muscles strained;

Steady, my heart! I must not fail today.  
Crack! and the pistol sends us on our way  
Where long-sought honor must be lost or gained.  
A rush of feet behind me and beside,  
And one white flying form a yard ahead  
That I must pass. I must. I will. Like lead

My heart. Happy the Greek who died,  
Yet knew in dying that his goal was won!  
Break, heart, if need be! All my strength I throw

In one last effort. Then a roar of cheers  
Sounds strange and far away, upon my ears,  
Shouting my name—my name—not his! I know

The triumph of winning a race well run.  
J. N. Merrill in *Harper's Weekly*

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## The Hobbies they Ride, II

SELF GOVERNMENT IN SCHOOLS—J. H. FRANCIS

About four years ago some students of the Commercial High School were testing the laws of gravitation by heaving rocks over the bluff at the back of the school. The laws of gravitation were working all right that day and the rocks went crashing through the roof of a little house owned by Dr. H. Bert Ellis, down at the foot of the bluff. The woman who rented the little house—unscientific woman that she was—did not like the result of the experiments. She was not in a particularly amiable mood when she reported the matter to the principal. After she had gone the boys were called together and told that sort of thing was not good for the reputation of the school and a committee was appointed to make the matter right with the tenant. The boys raised a subscription among themselves and paid her enough to satisfy her.

Then and there was born a thought in the mind of John H. Francis, principal of the school. Again the boys were called together to discuss the matter of their relieving the teachers from yard duty during the recess and the noon hour. It was decided to try the experiment and a committee was selected.

The boys were told that the yard was theirs; the teachers would not longer pay any attention to it, if anything went wrong it was their wrong.

That was the beginning of self-government in the Commercial High School, the mother of "Poly" High. Today the entire discipline of the Polytechnic, with an enrollment of nearly seventeen hundred pupils, is under the absolute control of two Self-Government Committees, one of the boys and one of the girls, elected from and by the student body.

"The only way to do a thing is to do it," said Principal Francis, after recounting the story of the rocks and the roof. "When we told the boys the yard was theirs, it was theirs from that day. No teacher has ever been on yard duty since. After the committee had proved that it could maintain order in the yard, the second year the boys were asked to take over the entire government of the school. No, not the girls. Meanwhile the question had arisen of keeping in order the lunching places, for we had no regular lunch room in the old building. This gave an opening for the girls, who showed themselves equal to a share in the self-government work. Two separate committees were elected and the two work independently except in the exchange of courtesies in the signing of excuses and—"

(Excuses! Shades of dear departed school days! Has it come to a pass that one's excuses signed with a carefully imitated parental signature, must be passed upon by the bearer's school mates?)

"Oh, yes indeed," said Mr. Francis, reading the thought, "Self government committees pass upon all excuses, and they are a good deal harder to fool than the teachers. They are responsible for the conduct of the pupils in the halls, in the auditorium during study periods or assemblies, and even on the way to and from school. In the class-rooms teachers are responsible for maintaining order, but any disorder is reported to the committee for punishment.

"The whole idea is this: We try to make the pupils feel that they are citizens of this school, that the reputation and efficiency of the school is for them as much as for the teachers, that they are here to do certain things and if they do not try to do those things they had better get out of school. Our effort is to de-

velop the fundamental principles of good citizenship. The public schools are not doing what they should to develop good citizenship. If all teachers and principals had the right kind of ideals, they could revolutionize the social world. They have the whole problem before them. There is stealing in school, selfishness that is sickening, cheating in studies, brow-beating of the little fellow by the big fellow—all the weaknesses evidenced in different ways by men and women out of school. Homes are getting to be less and less homes in the proper sense, the responsibility of children is being more and more shifted by the parents, and the only thing left is for the schools to attack the problem. As a solution of this problem, I doubt if any single factor would be more potent than the adoption of self-government, not only in high schools but in the sixth, seventh and eighth grades, which can be made to control the whole school.

"Of course it is difficult; more difficult than for teachers to govern. You have to secure a belief on the part of the pupils that the committee is absolutely square, and it is hard to make pupils or parents believe that pupils can rise above their own prejudices and favoritisms. It is difficult to make parents believe that pupils have sufficient judgment to pass upon questions of government. It is difficult to choose from each of the classes two pupils who have the personality that will command respect and obedience on the part of other pupils.

"Always it is necessary to keep close watch to see that they do rise above personal considerations, that their judgment is, at least, up to the average, and always it is necessary to stand back of them in a way to hold both the committee and the rest of the school and at the same time to assure the parents that no injustice is done his child. If teachers failed to uphold the committee, it would discourage them; and if parents thought everything was left to the committee that would cause criticism.

"A teacher sitting in judgment on a pupil occupies a different place because they are not associated in a social way. But herein lies the strength of self-government. To be answerable to one's school-fellows is harder than to face a teacher; and the personality and tact developed by the boys and girls on the committees have been nothing short of marvelous. I do not believe teachers could rise to any higher plane of abstract justice than the pupils have, and certainly not if they were sitting in judgment on fellow teachers."

Mr. Francis then recounted several incidents to show how seriously the work is undertaken by the committeemen. Some time ago, at one of the semi-annual elections, a plot had been laid to give the presidency to a boy full of every kind of mischief known to school boys. He was popular and won easily and the boys were in for a go-as-you-please semester. But never did best laid plans go agley more swiftly and more surely. The boy took his responsibility seriously and knowing all the ways dark and tricks vain of bad boys, and who were adept therein, he knew just where to locate the trouble every time. He proved to be one of the most severe presidents they ever had, and needless to say he was not re-elected. Once out of office, he was perhaps not as good as while in it, but certainly not as bad as before.

Once self-government was shaken to its very foundation. A boy had dared to appear in school with a moustache at least a half inch long. Straightway every other boy protested. They ordered the moustache removed but the order was not heeded. The owner of the moustache defied a half thousand, who in their hearts envied him. And one day he found himself overpowered in the hall, led to a cot in the hospital room and, in spite of a valiant resistance, shorn of half the precious down. In tears the boy fled to his father and together they appeared at the office, demanding reparation and threatening to take the matter to the school board. Mr. Francis was once a boy himself. He knew, as a boy, he would have helped to do the shaving. He knew, too, that had he been the shaved boy he would never have stopped until he had thrashed every one of the shavers. He assured the indignant father and shorn son that they could name their own punishment and he would see that it was executed. That was fair, and they were disarmed. Then he called the self-government committee together and to his surprise learned that the conspirators were among its best members. Here was a crisis indeed. Down in his heart, not a boy could regret the prank; but since it had taken a serious turn the honor of the committee must be upheld. They offered to apologize before the school but the boy would accept no apology. Nor could he or his parents decide on any demand to make. All he wanted was his moustache and that was gone. After several days of sober thought the boys did the most they could—resigned in a body from self-government. And the boy who had lost his moustache was satisfied. At the next election every boy was re-elected, one of them to the presidency—for every other boy in school had felt the affront of the moustache.

The girls show the same sense of justice, regardless of personal friendships, as the boys. Only a week before the close of school one of the popular girls was given a suspended sentence of suspension, which is second only to actual suspension in severity, with twelve hours to make up during the last week. This was for the cutting of classes and for continued disorder during the study periods. All other efforts had failed with this girl, who will return next year with suspension staring her in the face for her first act of disobedience to rules.

"A natural outgrowth of this self-government work has been the Scholarship Committee. This was organized about six weeks ago and not a few students owe it to this committee that they did not fail. The self-government committees are always in touch with the pupils in their class work, and when they give a time sentence they try to see that the time is put in on some study that is most needed. From this the need of further help along this line became apparent. The new committee requests those reported by the teachers as failing to appear before them and an effort is made to discover why they are failing. Then they are told when and where they can get help, which teacher will be at liberty to work with them at a certain hour.

"The very fact that this 'boosting' committee exists has a salutary effect," said Mr. Francis, "and we expect to make it count on our next scholarship. Next year scholarship is to be our watchword, for in a school crowded like this one there is no room for boys and girls who are not in earnest."



## By the Way

## Midnight and Dawn.

The night without is still; no breath of wind;  
No light to break the darkness lying deep;  
The old clock slowly ticks the hours away  
And echoes mockingly my cry for sleep.

The seconds burn into my brain like fire,  
The ghosts of long-dead dreams glide slowly by,  
My mask at last has dropped, my naked soul  
Lies grim and bleeding 'neath my shrinking eye.

The vain desires of years, the "might-have-beens,"  
The castles, dream-bricked, that I built in Spain,  
The bitter uselessness of war for life—  
The strife that in the end brings naught but pain.

Is there no rest? To lie down and forget—  
Forget the bitter fruits that once were sweet,  
Forget the haunting eyes of loved ones gone,  
The gentle souls I nevermore shall greet?

Forget the aching void within my heart,  
Forget the memories that unbidden leap,  
Forget it all, the joys, the surging pain,  
The past, the yet-to-be—God send me sleep.

\* \* \*

Across the sky the fingers of the dawn  
Go creeping down to snare the loitering day,  
And paint with skillful touch the drifting clouds  
That ceaseless go their solitary way.

Above me swing the branches in the wind  
And bend to brush the daisies on the lea;  
Below the steel-grey waters of the brook  
Go rippling out to meet the siren sea.

The long light shakes across the nestling hills,  
A timid sunbeam scurries down the vale,  
The white clouds burn with tender hue of rose,  
From nodding cornfield calls the lonely quail.

The sunlight wavers into frightened nooks  
Where dim and cool the cloistering shadows lie;  
The mask again, the smile, the steady eyes—  
The night is o'er; God speed the welcome day.

Carrie Reynolds.

## Resort Business Good.

In spite of the fact that beach realty has not been as quiet in years as it is at present, this season is by far the best ever known at the several high tide resorts of Southern California. I am informed that never in the history of Los Angeles have the crowds been as great as at present at Ocean Park, at Long Beach and at all the other places near those cities. And those who occupy cottages near the beach are paying more this year than ever before for the privilege. In Ocean Park the jam is something fearful and five rooms and a bath command as high as two hundred dollars a month during July. The rush will

extend through August and part of September and, while this year it has begun earlier than ever before, it bids fair to continue longer. Inside the city the conditions are different, and where furnished houses formerly commanded nearly as good prices in summer as in the winter season, this year there are a lot of beautiful establishments that cannot be rented by their owners at any price. In the same connection, I am informed that never before have as many residents of Los Angeles been visiting in Europe as there are at present. For this reason the supply of pretty homes for lease furnished is so much greater than the demand. And while one wonders why it is that persons with an income of five figures a year should be anxious to increase it by renting their homes while they are absent from the city, the practice becomes more common each year. It apparently serves the purpose of adding considerable to the pin money of the female head of the house. Much of the crowds at the seaside, are due to the remarkable prosperity in the Nevada and Arizona mining camps. I personally know of at least twenty men who, having struck it rich either in one or the other of the localities mentioned, are in Los Angeles at this time with members of their families, giving the latter their first outing in years and incidentally making the fur fly for themselves in town, while madame and the "childer," as Dooley would say, are at home by the sad sea waves. And the way these nabobs crowd out the regulars at the theaters and the swell eating places is a caution. No one complains, however, every resident realizing apparently that all is grist that comes to the mill, and that lambs need the same shearing without regard to previous condition.

The *Hotel Majestic*, corner of Sutter and Gough streets, is the best place to stay in San Francisco. First class service for first class people. Gustav Mann, formerly of Los Angeles, manager.

## Summerland.

Theodore Summerland has been receiving a full meed of congratulations on his marriage to Mrs. Unger, the widow of the former City Auditor, but, after all, the finest thing that was done on this occasion came from Summerland's Circus Kids of the Fourth Ward. Everyone who knows the Railroad Commis-

sioner, remembers the story that was circulated high and low while he was councilman. Theodore promised a circus party to all of his juvenile constituents who cared to go to the circus. He kept his promise and Summerland's Circus Party is even now a happy Fourth Ward memory. Well, when Theodore was married, the Circus Kids took up a collection and bought a handsome clock which was presented with the wishes of the donors for a long and prosperous life voyage for Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Summerland. And then the elevator boys in the H. W. Hellman building chipped in and sent a splendid bouquet with their hearty greetings. All of which teaches this lesson: that the joy in receiving gifts is not to be measured by the pecuniary value of the gifts, but by the feeling actuating the givers. I'll add my heartfelt wishes to those already sent Mr. and Mrs. Summerland for a happy married life.

F. B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone.

## Sam Blythe's Article.

"Sam" Blythe's first article in the *Saturday Evening Post*, wherein we on the Pacific coast are to see ourselves as others see us, has appeared, and it is a disappointment. The story professes to treat of the mastery of the Pacific, and the initial chapters are devoted to San Francisco. There is little or nothing new in the author's volume of words, at least not to those of us who are of California. Mr. Blythe, who was in Los Angeles a matter of two months ago, has considerable to say in regard to graft in the northern metropolis, a subject with which most of us are familiar, although it may be a novel theme back in Baltimore, Md., or in Pawtucket, R. I. In the next number of the *Post*, that should be here by this time, we in Los Angeles are to be mentally photographed by the same author, and I am mistaken if our "beloved community" as a *Times* editorial writer would say, is not to get something of a lemon from Mr. Blythe. And writing of Blythe, the well-known correspondent was asked during his stay in Los Angeles if he would advise a youngster to get into journalism. Mr. Blythe replied in the affirmative and in proof, he pointed to his own case—an income of more than \$25,000 a year. Blythe remarked that he had earned that last season and he expected the total to swell to at least \$30,000 this year.

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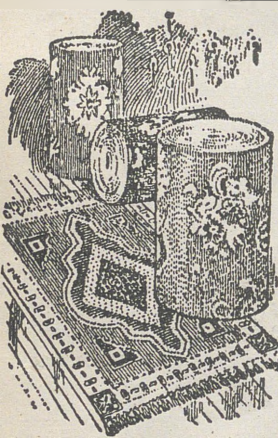
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### Teachers and Others.

I am wondering with others just how many teachers were brought to Los Angeles, the result of the N. E. A. The daily press being so notoriously unreliable on such subjects. I have been trying to make an investigation on my own hook. The several transcontinental lines could, or would, give no information, and at N. E. A. headquarters I was told that there had been a registration of about 8,000. That means the recent meeting was not the success in point of numbers of the session held in Los Angeles ten years ago. If the total registration last week was only 8,000, not more than 4,000 hailed from the section east of the Rocky Mountains. Ten years ago—or was it nine?—the total from the east was nearly 10,000, with a grand total of nearly 15,000 teachers who visited Los Angeles during the N. E. A. meet.

Southern Californians visiting San Francisco cannot do better than stay at the Hotel Majestic, corner of Sutter and Gough. First class accommodations and service for first class people. Gustav Mann, manager, formerly of Los Angeles.

### Heney As A Prosecutor.

Readers of the *Graphic* must know by this time what I think of Francis J. Heney, so that a disagreement with the *Times's* estimate of Mr. Heney must be conceded, when it appears in this column, to be without prejudice. The *Times* is on the wrong trolley when it seeks to prove that Mr. Heney is not a great prosecutor. Simple justice demands that statement. I quite agree with General Otis's young men when they insist that Mr. Heney is not a great lawyer. But to say that he is not a great prosecutor, is going behind the records. The conviction of a United States senator, two members of the lower house of Congress, and the mayor of one of the important cities of the United States, and a political boss of more than ordinary cunning, prove that the *Times* is wrong and that my estimate of the Heney mental make-up is eminently correct.

### Not Yet In Jail.

Harrison Gray Otis is at large. He has not yet been cast into a dungeon by Francis J. Heney. An unprecedented lot of comment is going the rounds of the press about Heney's threat to jail the warrior-editor. Here is something from the *Oakland Tribune* worth reading:

Surprising to say, Mr. Heney has returned from Los Angeles without the scalp of General Harrison Gray Otis hanging to his belt. He insists, however, that he will send the general to prison, though he declines to make public the particular felony for which the martial editor is to be convicted. But possibly Mr. Heney was only talking in the spirit that prompted George C. Gorham to declare in a famous speech that the "prison door was yawning for Frank Pixley and the turnkey stalking behind." Mr. Pixley, it will be remembered, continued to roast Mr. Gorham outside the prison bars. He even gayed Mr. Gorham for threatening to send him to the penitentiary. The odds are against Otis going to jail.

Calling back to memory this utterance of George C. Gorham, once Republican boss of California and now forgotten, isn't it pertinent to ask whether George Gorham or Frank Pixley left the deeper impress for good in California? And bearing in mind Mr. Heney's threat against the Embattled Editor, how about that famous song in *Robin Hood* which runs something like this:

The mighty Sheriff of Nottingham  
He never makes an error;  
And if you say that he's a sham,  
He'll put you in jail—etc., etc.,

### Five Cents Again.

Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a fearful sight,  
When children of one fam-i-lee  
Break out, and scratch and fight.

—Nursery Rhyme.

The *Times* and the *Examiner* are at it again. The row over San Francisco affairs has culminated in a business row. No more is the retail price of the Sunday papers ten cents. The rate is cut to five cents and there is joy among the evening papers and the smaller dailies throughout Southern California. I cannot imagine why either the *Times* or the *Examiner* imagined that their Sunday papers, silly supplements and all, were worth a dime. As newspapers, the Sunday papers are not nearly as good as the week day issues, but are made up of broadsides of advertising with infinitesimally small quantities of reading matter, mostly half-baked and ill-digested stuff, sandwiched between.

### Where Other Dailies Gain.

I imagine that the white paper in the Sunday *Times* costs considerably more per issue than the *Times* gets back from the circulation. This margin I estimate at two cents per copy. This was one of the considerations which caused an increase of price. But there was another. Truth to tell the evening papers the *Express*, *News* and possibly the *Record* were using the Sunday issues of the *Times* and *Examiner* as circulation getters. The scheme was worked this way. Suppose, gentle reader, that you owned the *San Pedro Banner*, or the *Pomona Bazaar*, or the *Riverside Orange Belt*, published every day, price 25

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Very Finest Qualities Reduced One-Third—regularly \$19.50 to \$52.50.

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cents a month. You came to Los Angeles and made a deal with one of the evening journals here for papers. Then on top of it came a deal with the San Pedro, or Pomona, or Riverside agent of the morning dailies. You would figure it thusly: "My own paper, 25 cents per month; the *Express*, say, 15 cents; four issues of the *Times* or *Examiner*, 10 cents; total, 50 cents." Then you went abroad in your town on a subscription campaign and saw everybody on a combination offer. You said, "I will give you your home paper, a Los Angeles evening daily for the telegraph and Los Angeles news, and your choice of the Sunday *Times* or *Examiner*, all for 65 cents a month, delivered at your door."

#### Gathered Them In.

This offer proved a winner in thousands of instances. It was ten cents a month cheaper than either the *Times* or the *Examiner*. It swelled the circulation of the little dailies in the interior; it swelled the circulation of the *Times* and *Examiner* on Sundays, just when every additional paper printed meant so much loss. No wonder Harry Chandler and your "Uncle Heinie" Lowenthal winced great winces. Yet another wonder is that the 10 cent Sunday paper agreement lasted as long as it did, remembering how the *Times* and the *Examiner* love one another.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

#### Municipal Ownership.

The *Express*, in its exposure of the *Times*'s attempts to smear municipal ownership conditions throughout the country, should have the endorsement of all who love fair play. The writer of the *Times*'s articles, formerly credit man for the General Electric Company, who poses as one of the eminent statisticians of the United States, may know a great many things. The gentleman evidently believes in catching them coming as well as going, but the public quickly smells out such stuff.

#### Trask For Both Companies.

I am wondering what it meant when Walter Trask appeared before the County Board of Equalization as attorney, not only for the Huntington railway interests, but also for the Los Angeles-Pacific. Is the proposed amalgamation of all electric railway lines in this neck of the state about to become a reality, or is it already accomplished? I know that Huntington attorneys would not be acting for the E. H. Harriman interests in ordinary circumstances and when we see the thing a physical fact, something either has happened, or is about to occur. Here is a great opportunity for the sleepy daily press. And not altogether in the same connection. Why is it that when the Los Angeles-Pacific is anxious to begin the expenditure of several millions of dollars, just as we need the money most, that some power unseen apparently makes itself felt and objects. I refer to the latest injunction to prevent the Harriman-Sherman-Clark trolley lines from being broad gauged. The company needs the change and it would redound to the advantage of the community. In addition, I can see no harm that it will do. Yet the company has had to go into court and pray for a chance to turn loose its millions here. In some places that would serve as a notice that in the face of opposition the money that is to be spent will not come here. In Southern California, such things appear to have a different effect. Let us all hope that existing conditions in this particular will never change.

#### Petty!

"Hamburger's" does not advertise in the Los Angeles *Examiner*. So the name of Hamburger is boycotted by the *Examiner* as much as the paper can place the name under the ban and still not incur too much attention. In point, the *Examiner* published the following a few days ago:

Active work is to be resumed on the six story steel frame structure at Broadway and Eighth streets. Next Monday workmen will begin the erection of the skeleton at the southeast corner of Eighth and Hill, which will form a part of the giant store structure. A car containing twenty tons of steel has arrived from a firm in Colorado. The forms for the foundation of the frame have been in position for two months. Within five weeks the entire original force of workmen will be busy. Arrangements have been made for the terra cotta facing, but the delay in the manufacture of brick has temporarily upset some of the plans. It may be two months before all the terra cotta is in place. Alfred F. Rosenheim, architect of the building, stated yesterday that eight cars of piping are on the way from the east and two large engines will arrive today.

The steel frame structure at Broadway and Eighth is, of course, Hamburger's, but you can never find the name with a microscope.

#### Other Offenders.

The *Examiner* isn't the only offender. The *Times* has a list of people who are not to be mentioned unless unfavorably. There are others whose names never appear in the columns of the *Express*. I fancy that the *Record*, *News* and *Herald* are the only Los Angeles newspapers which have no blacklist.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

#### Lowe Sued Again.

"J. S. Billheimer has brought suit to recover the amounts of three promissory notes, aggregating \$20,000. The Lowe Manufacturing Company and the People's Gas and Coke Company are the defendants. The notes in question were assigned to the plaintiff by George Lathrop, president of the American National Bank, of Pomona. In placing the writ of attachment in the hands of the sheriff for execution, Attorney Edward Meserve requested him to attach everything the defendants in any way own or are interested in. The two notes drawn in favor of George Lathrop for \$5,000 each were executed on August 24, 1906, and are signed 'Lowe Manufacturing Company, by T. S. C. Lowe, its attorney in fact; People's Gas and Coke Company, Homer G. Taber, president; J. E. Youtz, secretary.' The \$10,000 note bearing the same date, is drawn in favor of the Security Bond and Investment Company. A ten per cent attorneys' fees clause is attached to each of the notes making the total amount sued for more than \$25,000."—*Daily Paper*.

Just so! Exactly what might have been expected. George A. Lathrop, the president of the American National Bank of Pomona, is an enterprising, hustling citizen, who likes to dip around in various schemes and he went into the Lowe gas deal full of hope and confidence. These suits tell in which end of the horn Mr. Lathrop is now located. If the past history of Lowe litigation is any criterion, I can tell Mr. Lathrop the exact amount which he will recover. It is \$0. and as many ciphers as he pleases to add.

#### Nevada Miners In.

From what I can gather, Lowe and Lathrop have been at outs for several months. The Lowe outfit is spending considerable money these days, the source of which, I understand, is a group of miners from Goldfield, Nevada. I think I am gifted with prophecy as to what will happen to these men. I am told that their

investment with the Lowe companies, so far, is about \$50,000. I can come pretty near telling them what will happen to that \$50,000. Still, they would not believe me if I told them; neither did George Lathrop believe in my gift of prophecy when I met him about the time he decided that the Lowe gas deal offered a remunerative field for speculation and investment. I advise Messrs. Nixon, Wingfield and Hayes to board a train for Pomona some morning and see George Lathrop. The Ameri-

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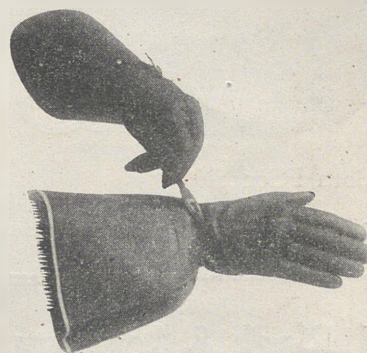
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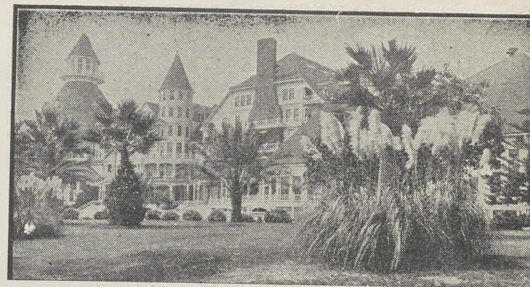
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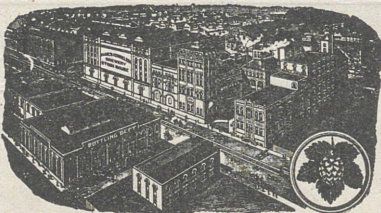
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**Not All of It.**

What has thus far been written applies to procedure in the courts. Now I have information that this isn't all of the story. I am told that there is still a matter of \$15,500 due to one or more of the gentlemen who went in with Lowe at the time Mr. Lathrop jumped in. To whom this money is coming I cannot say, not having the means of ascertaining from any of the Lathrop-Taber-Youtz-Securities Corporation combination. Maybe the truth will develop in another suit; on this point I can say nothing.

**McLaughlin Uneasy.**

Another story which comes to me in the same connection, is that George B. McLaughlin is getting ready to sue or do something. I am told that Mr. McLaughlin was the promoter who induced Mr. Lathrop and the combination to get into Professor Lowe's gas game. I am told further, that Mr. McLaughlin received \$2,000 in cash for this service and was to have had \$24,000 more of Lowe "securities." Of what company these securities were to be, I am not told. As the story goes, Mr. McLaughlin has not received these securities—whether stocks or bonds or both is immaterial. Now, they tell me, he thinks of suing to get them. I wonder what he thinks they will be worth, even if he does get them.

**A Mystery.**

One of the greatest mysteries in the world, to me, is how one bunch of capitalists after another can be persuaded to go into Lowe gas. The Lathrop combination went in after the capitalists who organized the Peoples Gas Company looked into the matter and retired. Soon after the forces of Lathrop and Professor Lowe split, along comes the Nixon-Hayes-Wingfield bunch of Nevada miners. If, as reported, the Nevada capitalists are "in" \$50,000 and contemplate spending more, the Professor will not be compelled to find many "angels" until he gets a real gas plant started. Giving Professor Lowe due credit for all his scientific learning, it is as a digger of capital he excels. He is a marvel.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in Tone.

**Templars Not Coming.**

Which may or may not be a reminder that Motley H. Flint and Will D. Stephens will not return home with the next triennial conclave of the Knights Templar hanging at their belts. Los Angeles does not secure what would have proved the biggest advertisement the city ever had. Instead, Chicago has the plum. And this only goes to prove how hard was the job to which Messrs. Flint and Stephens had set themselves. I am told from a source that should know, that the *Graphic's* prediction in the matter came true. We lost largely because of the Honda wreck that snuffed out the lives of several nobles of the Mystic Shrine. That argument was used as a principal reason why between forty and fifty thousand Knights Templar should not be forced to make the journey to Southern California.

**Garfield.**

We are to have as a visitor soon, James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, who, when here last, was Commissioner of Corporations, and in that capacity made an investigation

of oil shipping conditions that gave to the country a report that was a corker when it was published. Mr. Garfield will be in Southern California several days. While here, he will be the guest of his mother who is a prominent woman of Pasadena. I hear that William H. Taft, the legatee of the "Big Stick" in the White House, is due in Los Angeles early in the new year. The Secretary of War has relatives here as well as in Santa Barbara, I believe.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequaled in tone

**Wilfley.**

You may recall that I wrote of one, L. R. Wilfley, judge of the American Consular Court, in Shanghai, a few weeks ago. I predicted at the time that sooner or later Judge Wilfley would be heard from and that when that time arrived, it would be found that Judge Wilfley had kicked some particular thing American into a cocked hat. The time has arrived, apparently, if the cable is to be believed, and the Wilfley brand of the Big Stick appears to have gone against the Catholic Church out in the Orient. Press reports have only meagre details, but from what Judge E. H. Lamme said about Wilfley a few weeks ago, that redoubtable representative of Uncle Sam has stirred up a hornet's nest that may or may not sting him out of a job.

**Knight's Task.**

R. Carlton Knight is using his best endeavors, and they are many I am informed, in bringing order out of chaos, in the building and loan association where his identity would not have been heard of by the public, had his

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alleged past not been dragged into the open by the *Times*. Along with all other good citizens who like fair play, I am glad to see that the efforts made by Harry Chandler and others of his force to kick a chap who several years ago may have gone wrong, have failed entirely. What a peculiar commentary when the President of the United States pardons an escaped criminal who was living right, while out here some unfortunate chap who has satisfied the law is to be hounded out of an opportunity to make a living because he may or may not have side stepped into forbidden paths at a time when he was a boy. That is, if the published story is true, which I doubt. I am simply taking the worst appearing side of the argument. In the name of all that is decent, let us extend the principle of the square deal to such cases as that under discussion.

Frank B. Long Piano. Unequalled in tone.

### Jingoes.

I protest against continued efforts of the yellow press to bring on a war between the United States and Japan. The *Los Angeles Times* is one of the worst offenders in this particular, although scores of the conservative readers of that journal, who have followed it blindly for years, probably will not admit that the charge here made is correct. So saffron-hued has the *Times* acted that the matter has created some discussion away from home. *Collier's*, for instance, calls attention to a recent *Times* "exclusive dispatch," in which it is made to appear that the Japanese Ambassador and the state department are at outs. Now the contrary probably is the situation. Such things being published here are forthwith telegraphed over to Japan. Of course the alleged "news" creates no end of irritation there and then the Jap news fakir gets busy and hands us one in kind, such as the recent alleged interview in which an alleged Japanese admiral was made to say that all American naval officers are "dudes," who know more of the ball room two step than they do of the quarter deck side step. Just what is behind the Jap war scare may never be known to us on the outside. I take it, however, that President Roosevelt and his cabinet must be thoroughly familiar with what is occurring below the surface. All the same, it is remarkable, to say the least, that we, of all the people in the world, who were Japan's best friend and proved it in the recent melée when the Czar was worsted, should actually be figuring even serio-comically, at batting the Mikado and his people out of the box in less than two years from the time when we were teaching our school children the meaning of the word "banzai."

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and heavy Salt Water Rods by the best Makers.

NOW IS THE TIME

To buy your trout fishing outfit.

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### Personal Element.

Returning, however, to the yellow press and other agencies of war, I wonder if the *Times* is so anxious for hostilities because when the general was in the Mikado's country last year he was not hailed as one of the really great in America. I am told that the Japs looked up their "Who Is Who," when the great man hove in sight and being informed about the crosser of the Rubicon they called everything off after great preparations had been made to give to "the General" the time of his life. In fact, instead of *See, The Conquering Hero Comes*, as the band had been instructed to play, the orders read to perform *What Yo' Goin' To Do When De Rent Comes 'Round?* when those in authority learned that the *Los Angeles Times* had been vehemently pro-Russian during the war.

### One Good Effect.

There is one good thing that this Jap war talk will probably accomplish for Los Angeles and for the entire Pacific coast. It will force Congress to improve the defenses of San Pedro and all of our harbors out this way. That is pretty certain to mean a big artillery post for Southern California, and that at a time when Congressman James McLachlan will need the appropriation in his coming campaign for another nomination. I am mistaken if McLachlan as well as Senator Frank P. Flint will not be equal to the emergency.

### Muzzle Hobson.

Before dismissing the Japanese war scare, it would be a godsend if some one with the necessary courage were to muzzle our old kissing friend, Captain Richmond P. Hobson. Captain Hobson is now a member of congress where he insists he was sent for the express purpose of securing a big appropriation for naval purposes. That is a somewhat laudable ambition on Captain Hobson's part. Why it should force some of us who object to the torture to be forced to digest Captain Hobson's opinions on divers and sundry subjects that may or may not be of real interest, is past finding out. If I may be permitted to express a private view, I shall say without the slightest hesitation, that Captain Hobson as a congressman is no more serious than was Captain Hobson as a kissing bug, although of Captain Hobson as the *Merrimac's* commander, I was as proud as any patriotic and well bred American should have been.

### Earl Euchered.

Walter F. Parker and his machine played beautiful politics in the final organization of the new County Highway Commission, and E. T. Earl and his *Express* are outside of the breastworks where they belong. The machine has two of the three members of the board. Had Owen McAleer been as wise, he might be mayor of Los Angeles today. But what is the use of talking McAleer and Parker in the same breath—even Mark Twain, great as he is in the line of humorous understanding can not imagine any such murder of the King's English.

### Something Wrong.

There is something wrong with the boxing game as it is played in Los Angeles, judging from the slight attendance at Tom McCarey's last symposium. The patient appears to be very ill indeed and he is likely to die from inanition unless the proper remedy is applied at once. I would suggest to impressario Thomas that the way to revive interest in his peculiar brand of physical culture is for him

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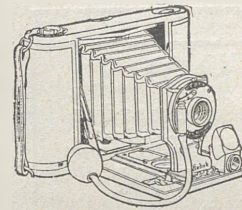
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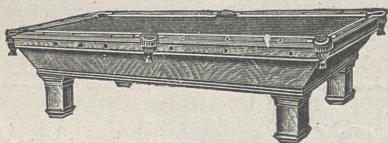
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and all associated with him to get better attractions. Placing several boys of tender years into the squared circle with orders to hamfat each other until one shall drop out from exhaustion may be sport in some places. In Los Angeles that sort of thing is apt to provoke a hostility that will cause the passage of an ordinance making it a misdemeanor to repeat the offence.

### Smith Here.

Congressman S. C. Smith, of the Eighth District, has taken up a summer residence in Los Angeles with members of his family. He is living on West Adams street.

### Evolution.

"Caddie Northey" she was; then she married a chap named "Roma" and became a singer on the Tivoli stage, as "Carrie Roma." Now, b'jorge, she is "Caro Roma" and here is what she is doing, quoting the *Dramatic Mirror*: "Caro Roma, who for twelve years was prima donna of the Tivoli, of San Francisco, who is well known besides for her song cycle, and whose new book of verse will soon appear in the reading racks, had a royal, romping round-up of all the Californians she could find in New York, in her studio on Sunday night. The invitations were unique:

*Sing "Ho!" for dear California,*

*Sing "Hey!" for the Golden Gate!*

*We're all going to meet at Roma's*

*June 30, as the clock strikes eight.*

*So bring all your wits and your talents,*

*Any other old Californians, too,*

*And we'll show this east, with its chilly ways,*

*What real western folk can do.*

Evolute! Evoluting!! Evolutinger!!! Evolutingest!!!! I wonder if she has taken on any additional airs.

### Yachting At Ocean Park.

My friend, Jack Densham writes: "From automobiles to yachts is a very pleasant change and I am writing this with my heart in the tips of my fingers. When I write about autos I generally manage to run in something about yachts, but you will read nothing about buzz wagons in this article. Yachting events are coming thick and fast, so fast indeed that it is hard to make connections. Next Saturday morning at the mystic hour of three g. m. we get under weigh for Ocean Park where we are to be the guests of the Ocean Park Country Club and sail several races for the delectation of the citizens of the real estate town. Later in the day will be the race for the Ocean Park Country Club Cup. This race is for boats less than thirty feet racing measurement so the *Yankee* will not be eligible. This being the case I have arranged to return to my old berth for the day and will sail with Walter Folsom on the *Mischief II*. With us will be Bob Fulton (Garlic Bob), the other member of the crew of the *Valkyrie* to sail in San Francisco, Oscar Freitag (Man Friday) being on his way to San Francisco aboard the *Leggett* by that time. The *Columbine* and *Monsoon* will be there to dispute possession of the cup and, if the wind plays us tricks as it did last year, the Mitchell chariot has an excellent chance to come in ahead of us. There is no doubt that the *Columbine* is very fast in a light wind and a smooth sea. If we have the light wind with a heavy swell we still have the better chance but, if Mother Ocean is in one of her quiet moods, that slate-colored freak will doubtless skate by us as though we were standing still."

### Sunday Races.

"On Sunday there will be races for all classes

and I am going to have my first rub with my old skipper, Captain Dodge. For four years we shared ownership in the good old *Oshorn*. Then hard times came and we sold her. Arrived then the *Detroit* and we sailed together again. Last year I sailed on the *Mischief* and the splendid lines of the boat enabled me to gain a reputation as a light sail handler. She defeated the *Monsoon* in all but two races and people began to think that Walter Folsom must have quite a good crew. It was a case of the boat and the skipper as a matter of fact, but I am thankful that we made few breaks during the races of last year, as it makes it possible for me to obtain the very much coveted position of one of the crew of the *Valkyrie*."

### Perhaps!

"This season opened with the *Yankee* in the field. The *Detroit* had no sails and there was much delay before she was finally rigged with new canvas. We hoped to race July 4t but our bob-stay gave way and the *Detroit*, was unmanageable owing to lack of ballast. Now, however, the *Detroit* has been ballasted down to her right lines, and the *Yankee* is on the ways being put in proper shape for a hard race. What few scrub races we have had together show that the Hiram Walker production is faster in light winds while the *Yankee* is stiffer in heavy weather and can stand up and take her mainsail full of wind while the *Detroit* is sluffing off. Unfortunately we have a long waterline and must pay the penalty by allowing the *Detroit* several minutes over a twelve mile course. I have hopes that we can make up the time allowance; if not, it will cause infinite satisfaction to Mr. Spruance, the genial crew and myself if we can beat Mr. Erkenbrecher's yacht boat for boat. And the answer is, 'Perhaps, perhaps not!'"

### Venice to San Pedro.

"There will be a race from Venice to the end of the San Pedro breakwater after the Sunday afternoon event and the venerable *Yankee* has an excellent chance to take first place in this event which is practically all before the wind. After this final race there will be a hustling and a bustling to catch the train for San Francisco. Walter Folsom, Bob, and

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myself hope to take the day train north Monday morning. Thereafter there will be much work. The race for the San Francisco Challenge Cup takes place August 3. The defender is a sloop named *Discovery*. I have never seen her and know little of her possibilities, but she is built and designed for San Francisco weather and can doubtless stand up straight when we are listing well to leeward. We shall have then a little more than a week in which to rig our boat and practice on the bay. In that time we hope to arrive at a point where the crew work together like clock-work and the good skipper has learned enough of the tides and winds to be able to lay the best course throughout the race. As far as I can see, the course is to be a kind of kite-shaped track affair. We round five buoys in all and cover a large part of the bay in doing it. When we get through with that race we shall know something about San Francisco bay anyway."

#### Lipton Cup Races.

"After the San Francisco affair comes the Lipton Cup races at San Diego. There has been some trouble about this event. The matter has been commented on in this paper before now. San Diego was invited to come up to San Pedro and race for the cup in these waters. San Diego refused. Thereupon we refused to go down there. Instead, we agreed to wander up to Santa Barbara and race for cups offered by the genial Milo Potter. A compromise was essayed but was ineffective. A. J. Mitchell, owner of the *Columbine* wished to race for the Lipton Cup. The club authorities told him he could not do so. Mr. Mitchell said he would anyway, and I guess he will. Now the problem that confronts me is, how to go to Santa Barbara and see the races there on August 20 and 21 and be in San Diego at the same time. I am not a bird so cannot be in two places at once. It is a bad and very regrettable mix-up. There are always two

sides to a question and, it is possible, that we are as much to blame as the San Diegans. I hate to see that Lipton Cup event fall through. The trip to San Diego is very enjoyable. We have a fine sail down there before the wind, a good anchorage when we arrive, a splendid time while we are there and a dainty little beat to windward on the way home, just hard enough to make us glad when we spot Point Fermin.

#### Densham's Jingles.

"The editor may be in a good humor and permit a few jingles on the subject of the San Francisco race:

#### The Song of the Southern Sailoriser.

*It's good-bye, Jack; good-bye, Kate  
Give my love to the barber;  
The gangway's up, the anchor weighed,  
We're leaving Pedro harbor.  
Hear those steamer whistles blow  
Far across the bay  
We're off to San Francisco, lads;  
Five hundred miles away.*

*That good Valkyrie's on her way,  
While we go up by train;  
And we must sail a mighty race,  
E'er we come back again.  
Though the Frisco winds blow hard,  
For them no care we feel,  
We'll pot-lead all the cabin-house  
And sit out on the keel.*

*And when the race is lost and won,  
Though losers we may be,  
They'll know there's been some other yacht  
Upon that inland sea.  
Then with those northern yachtsmen, boys,  
We'll talk about the race,  
And pipe all hands to lay right aft,  
And splice the good mainbrace.*

#### Gibbon Buys.

Another chapter of *Herald* history is to be written; the chief penman is Thomas E. Gibbon. *Herald* history in recent years has been both tortuous and torturous to its makers and I hope that Mr. Gibbon's feelings will be spared. His platform sounds right, including the call for independence in local affairs. Mr. Gibbon, I believe, came here originally from Arkansas. His democracy, in all events, is of the safe and sane variety. Not for him the beliefs of the Bryan-Hearst-Lentz school. There is the "makings" of a property in the Los Angeles *Herald* and I shall not begrudge a dime added to Mr. Gibbon's bank account if he succeeds to the point of his fondest expectations.

#### De Longpre's Reception.

Paul de Longpre entertained nearly 5,000 persons last Thursday. His visitors came in response to a special invitation extended to the teachers who were here for the N. E. A. Mr. de Longpre said, after the reception, "It surprised and pleased me to find that most of the teachers knew of me and my work. So it was like a visit from thousands of personal friends. Altogether it was one of the happiest days of my life and I shall ever cherish the recollection of it."

#### Anti-Tuberculosis.

The Southern California Anti-Tuberculosis League has issued a call for assistance. The League has established a Helping Station for the purpose of making a beginning in practical work looking to prevention. The League needs an income of \$500 per month outside of its membership fund and no officer connect-

*Mojonick*  
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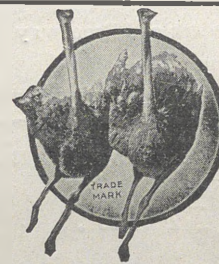
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ed with the League receives salary or other remuneration insuring that the funds will be devoted to the purpose for which raised. The officers and directors are: President, Mr. C. B. Boothe, Los Angeles; Vice-president, Dr. John C. King, Banning, Cal.; Treasurer, Mr. W. C. Patterson, Los Angeles; Secretary, Dr. Charles C. Browning, Monrovia; Directors, Dr. W. Jarvis Barlow, Miss Helen Barnard, Dr. Norman Bridge, Dr. Rose Bullard, Dr. B. F. Church, Dr. George L. Cole, Mr. F. M. Coulter, Mr. C. C. Desmond, Prof. J. H. Francis, Dr. George H. Kress, Mr. Frank W. King, Dr. R. W. Miller, Dr. L. M. Powers, Dr. S. S. Salisbury, Dr. Thomas J. Stuart, Dr. W. Le Moyne Wills all of Los Angeles; Dr. G. E. Abbott, Pasadena; Dr. Charlotte Baker, San Diego; Dr. J. L. Dryer, Santa Ana; Mrs. Emma Greenleaf, Long Beach; Dr. F. C. E. Mattison, Pasadena; Dr. J. H. McBride, Pasadena; Dr. G. G. Moseley, Redlands; Mrs. Florence C. Porter, South Pasadena; Dr. F. M. Pottenger, Monrovia; Dr. J. M. Radebaugh, Pasadena.

### New Organization.

A new organization has been "launched," so to speak, to be known as the "Hotel and Restaurant Keepers' Association," whose purpose is to defend in all ways the rights and privileges of the hotel and restaurant business, to frown upon all unfair methods by the business, to maintain a fixed and proper opposition against unwise and intimidating license, or any other official or unofficial bulldozing or graft. To foster an *entente cordiale* among the hotel and restaurant owners and lessees of Southern California, regardless of the business status or lines of each. There are already forty charter members, embracing such concerns as the Lankershim and Alexandria, Levy's Café and Café Bristol, Brink's Saddle Rock and Palace Café, Vegetarian Café and Harvey's system, Good Fellows' Grotto and Electric Grill, Hotel Pepper and Europa Restaurant, California and Jonathan Clubs, and many others. The first board of officers is as follows: Al Levy, of Levy's Café, president; vice-president, Dwight Hart, of the Natick; secretary, O. D. Conrey, of the Federation Coffee Clubs, and Harry Fryman, of the Hayward, treasurer. All hotel and restaurant keepers of Southern California who do a fair business are eligible, and it is believed that not only the owners and lessees will be greatly the gainers, but also their multitudes of patrons thereby.

### Christopher's Energy.

I have often wondered if Angelenos appraise L. J. Christopher at his real value. Gauged by his energy, his enterprise, he is one of the most valuable citizens we have. The other day he told me that he had a new factory nearly completed at Twenty-first and Los Angeles streets. Then he added that he would soon have a new establishment on Broadway that would be furnished and equipped in a manner that would command attention even in New York. I hear you say my reader, "Oh, well, he makes money by it." That's true. I hope he does. Any man who will go out and create enterprises ought to make money; considerably more than the chap who is content to invest in bonds and lead an idle life. Mr. Christopher, I am told, comes pretty near to doing all of the manufacturing in his line for Los Angeles. He owns dairies and factories; he owns restaurants and ice cream parlors; he has bakeries and everything else that goes to round out his business. I don't begrudge him a single dollar. He has earned every cent that he has laid out so well in

various landed properties. Compare his value and the value of any man who is busy and who has permanently added to the city's resources with the value of a lot of Spring street and Broadway property owners whom I could name. They draw rent; they build shacks and they actually impede the city's development.

### Mr. Bilicke's Birthday.

Mr. A. C. Bilicke had a birthday the other day. He hasn't reached the "milestone on life's highway" where birthdays are solemn reminders. The event was celebrated with a dinner at the Alexandria in Joe Reichl's best manner. Covers were laid for sixteen and the guests, besides Mr. and Mrs. Bilicke were: Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Whitmore, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Rowan, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Raymond, Judge and Mrs. J. S. Chapman, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. McCutchen, Rev. and Mrs. Burt Estes Howard, Miss Browning, and Vernon Goodwin.

W. D. Newerf, head of the Newerf Rubber Company, will spend a couple of weeks visiting his new store in San Francisco and also the newly established Goodyear agency in Fresno. Mr. Newerf has been spreading the Goodyear doctrine throughout the west and even across the water to Honolulu and New Zealand. During the last few months he has established many branch houses and recently placed an order for \$60,000 worth of tires.

### Public Parks.

For three years I have adhered to one line of policy with reference to Agricultural Park. I have, time and again, urged that the city take over the tract and convert it into a public park, getting the state to waive its rights and quieting in some manner the claims of the crowd known as "District Association, No. 6." At last this end is in a fair way to be accomplished. I have carefully read the newspaper articles that have been published in regard to this matter and I will confess that I may be dense; but whether I understand the exact workings of the deal that is in progress, doesn't matter. It is the net result that counts. We are told that the private interests will waive their claims and that the state will do its part. This much accomplished, the creation of a new park of about 100 acres is assured.

### Why Not Rosedale?

That is good, as far as it goes. But I have had another idea in my head for these last four or five years. Why not convert Rosedale cemetery into a park? The southwest needs a playground even as much as the district around Agricultural Park.

### Mushet.

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prise were conducted along the same lines as the business of the City of Los Angeles, the enterprise would go into insolvency. I have said this much for years. Everybody knows it. The remedy is plain but sometimes I despair of the willingness of the people to adopt it. It is to put the business of the city into the hands of good business men and pay them salaries that will warrant such men to enter the city's service; and to eliminate politics from the city's affairs. W. B. Cline, Allan C. Balch, John B. Miller and men of that calibre are not engaged by the corporations they serve because they are Republicans, or Democrats, or Prohibitionists, or any other hue of political faith. They are where they are because they can "deliver the goods." The city's managers should be chosen with equal care and foresight, and with equal disregard of whether one group of politicians or another gets the offices. There is only one course—nonpartisanship.

#### A Woman Magistrate.

Mrs. Catherine Waugh McCulloch has been elected magistrate and judge in Evanston Ill., by an overwhelming majority of votes. When the post of magistrate was left vacant by the retirement of Justice Kessar, but one man could be induced to run for the office; the other lawyers who had been approached to accept the nomination having declined because of business reasons. While this only candidate "began to fit in readiness a suite of offices," Mrs. McCulloch announced her willingness to become a candidate, and in spite of the predictions of the city officials, she carried the day. Mrs. McCulloch, although she has been a qualified lawyer for twenty-one years, practicing with her husband in the firm of McCulloch & McCulloch, in Chicago, has found time to attend to domestic and maternal duties. She is the devoted mother of four children. Mrs. McCulloch has one message for women, and it is gospel: "Let each woman do what she can do best."

#### Where To Recreate And Rest.

These are the days when very many of those whose time and purse permit them to do so leave Los Angeles either to rest or recreate among the hills and trees or near the "sad sea waves." Not a few go annually to Switzerland or to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," and quite a number take advantage of the annual summer business lull to visit old friends and old homes in the east and south. But the large majority seek rest and recreation nearer home, the bulk of these going for a few days or for a few weeks to Long Beach, Ocean Park, Venice, Redondo, Santa Catalina and

other near-by places. Santa Catalina draws thousands of people every summer as there is good fishing and fine boating, excellent hotel accommodations and superior bathing facilities, and much else that is diversifying and gleeful, comforting and gay. There is always plenty of dancing and music, and much else that is exhilarating, while the climate is generally agreeable and cool. Venice is as unique as it is accessible and draws thousands daily who are always repaid for their little jaunts. The same may be said of Ocean Park, where thousands of Los Angeles people own or rent summer cottages and where there are many joyous inducements for those who have only "a day off." Here is one of the most magnificent bathing pavilions in the world and excellent music daily. Long Beach draws tremendous crowds "from early morn till dewy eve," and here are music and dancing, mermaid photographing and fortune telling, but no schooners of a certain kind coming over the bar. Redondo has a good hotel and has come gaily to the front with a new dancing pavilion, and is otherwise in the procession. Mount Lowe secures a good many visitors daily, and is one of the great points of interest easily accessible.

Farther away, but easily reached in a few hours by rail, or by a short and most delightful trip by sea, is the famous Coronado, one of the most charming seaside resorts in the world and one of the best kept hotels in any land. No one can spend a week or more at Coronado and not come away refreshed and full of joy, as the climate has no superior from one year's end to the other and there are no disagreeable winds nor fogs, no actually cold nor hot weather, nor anything else that is disappointing. There were thirty-eight people from Los Angeles at the Coronado Hotel during the past week, a majority of whom went by steamer, the sea-going rates being extremely reasonable and the sea itself being generally smooth and inviting this time of year. San Diego has a flavor that has bewitched thousands and is the oldest town in the state, having been founded nearly a century and a half ago.

Santa Barbara, too, is one of the oldest cities in California and nestles picturesquely alongside a little indentation that often holds in its embrace some of the finest craft in the American navy and is reached in four hours by rail from Los Angeles. Here there is neither winter nor summer, according to the standards, but a climate the year round much like that delightful interlude of two weeks in the east called Indian Summer. The Hotel Potter stands in the midst of everlasting flowers and grasses and foliage, and is a favorite resort for Los Angeles and other Southern California folks who like to sleep close to the murmuring waves laden with enough ozone and iodine to calm the nerves of those who give up at least 50 weeks of the year to making money. The Potter sets a splendid table and there are fine drives in many directions. There is trolley connection with the old Mission which is at present the most interesting and pretentious of all between San Diego and Solano.

Every week still sees a good many Californians on their way to the Yosemite Valley and the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees, via Raymond and Wawona. Up to the 10th of July there had been no lessening in the volume of water coming over the Vernal and Nevada falls and not much in the flow of the Yosemite falls and the Bridal Veil. All of the high Sierras, such as Conness, Clark, Starr King, and others, are still covered with snow and the view from Glacier Point is incomparable. The weather is always "delicious," although it is "sometimes" a little hot in August and September between

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11 and 2. Trout still abound in the Merced river and he is a poor fisherman who cannot get a good string mornings and evenings. Thus far this season 1,200 people have gone into the Valley and Mariposa Grove from this end of the state, including nearly 200 Shriners and more than half as many N. E. A.s.

For the past two years great crowds from San Francisco and Los Angeles have visited Lake Tahoe, and so many were refused accommodations at the big Tahoe Tavern in July, August and September of last year that two additions have been made to the hotel proper capable of caring for two hundred more people and a new casino and other adjuncts have been built. There is no other such stately body of water in the world. There is grandeur and enchantment at all times in the magnificent scenery which environs Lake Tahoe and never-ending means of pleasure and exhilaration on its breast; and the panorama of mountain and valley, meadowland and woodland, sunshine and shadow, as viewed from the Tahoe Tavern, Tallac, Glenbrook, McKinney's, Emerald Bay, and from other points is spacious, inspiring and impressive. No one who has ever visited Tahoe can be persuaded of its ravishing reality.

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There is always good trout fishing in Tahoe and in the other eleven lakes in the mountains above it and, often quite satisfactory fishing in the Truckee River, that matchless mountain stream of ice-cold water, which takes its majestic rise among imperishable Sierra snow-drifts and languidly loses itself at last, after a hundred odd miles of resplendent bubbling colors, in the greasewood and sagebrush wilds and wastes of argentiferous Nevada. Wandering far away from the smoke and dust of the busy town the trout fisher along the banks of the Truckee penetrates to the innermost recesses of Nature's sanctuaries. He has admittance to her boudoirs and dallies with her in her most witching moods. He becomes familiar with the ceaseless changes of her countenance, varying from sunshine to shower, and catches all the harmonies of her rapturous music. As he throws his line where "rivulets dance their wayward round," the canticles of the water sweetly drown all the discordant sounds he has left behind him. The shyest and most delicate wild flowers, set in the mosaics of azure and golden mosses, are revealed to his gaze and he worships not in temples built by human hands.

The *Graphic*, like many another paper, has said so many beautiful things about Del Monte, that there remains not much else to dedicate to its account. Considering its magnificent and splendidly kept hotel, its incomparable grounds and drives—pronounced by all European and American writers and travelers as having no equal in the world—there never having been such a thing as a hot day nor

many cold ones; its renowned bathing facilities and its delicious water—brought 24 miles from the head of the Carmel River—and its throngs of enjoyable people every day in the year from every part of California and from all over the globe, in fact, and where contentment and comfort, good will and wholesome and abundant food surround every guest, not much else can be claimed where a renewed lease of life is given in a link well welded and long drawn out. There is nothing that the most capricious heart could wish for that cannot be obtained at the Del Monte. There is every kind of sport, such as polo and automobilism, golfing and tennis, billiards and pool, walks and drives in abundance, splendid ocean fishing at hand and trout fishing ten miles away, a queer old town and a big military camp reached by trolley cars a few minutes off, music and dancing, a table with the best viands that can be secured and apartments that are positively sweet from extreme cleanliness, and all the time the same balmy zephyrs breathing a delicious atmosphere where the mornings are moist with the spray of the Pacific billows and the west wind comes in every evening with spices from Cathay and with ozone and healing on its wings. Neither Morgan nor Rockefeller, with his hundreds of millions, can obtain more than can the guest at Del Monte, at exceedingly moderate rates.

#### The Last Straw.

"I never do have any luck. Now a raging toothache has begun just at the moment that I was going to take my life, and the nearest dentist lives at least three leagues from here.

## Marine Magic

BY STINSON JARVIS

Since the subjoined was written, the *Columbine* started without having the compound put on and was beaten by the *Mischief II.* by over ten minutes. This was in the Independence Day race to Point Vincent and back.—[Editor *Graphic*.]

Up to the year 1906, the speed of yachts and other vessels was supposed to depend almost entirely on power and good shaping. But when the power and shaping in two vessels were as precisely alike as human ingenuity could devise, differences in speed were still discovered, and they caused much hard thinking. The under-water portions of yachts were smoothed down with electric emery wheels and polished until you could see your

face in them and still there were differences not to be accounted for in handling, shaping or power. Some of this difference was discernible in the use of various coatings used for the bottoms. Some preferred to polish with oil, some with black lead, etc. In all these cases it was supposed that exquisite smoothness—which is certainly supplied by polishing with black lead—was the whole thing.

That was where the mistake lay.

It is now known that some unguents and coatings cling to water much more than others. For many years I have watched the Herreshoff defenders and the foreign challengers being hand polished with oils after the emery wheel smoothing. Comparatively, that was a poor thing to do. But it was done by both, and consequently supplied even terms in this respect. Yet it was clear that the ability of a fish to go seventy miles an hour did not depend on the fish containing a 300 horsepower engine, or, in fact, any great power. Naturally, we went first to the oils, including fish oil in the testing. But the slime of fish, which is certainly slippery, has to be continually supplied by the fish in a way not possible on the hull of a vessel; and this fish slime cannot apparently be combined with anything that will prevent it from immediately washing off.

I need not detail the experiments followed, but simply say that in an apparatus which supplied the same power to floating objects, nearly all the oils and other favorite coatings were relatively compared through exact and recorded tests. At last the right combination was hit on by Frank Garbutt, vice-president of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, and

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a substance was, after a hundred mixtures, compounded which gives the bottom of racing yachts a surface very like that of wet ice. This also, will, in time, wash off; and it seems to be a part of its virtue that it *does* wash off; and in this it resembles the slime of fish, which, if it were hard, would be practically a varnish, and therefore comparatively useless. We have never raced a boat for two days on the same coating, and although most of it seems to remain after one day's racing, its uses on a second day would probably not be as valuable as on the first. On this point, there will be more to be said hereafter. It could be made to remain for three day's racing, but in the experimenting it is still a question whether this might not damage its one-day efficiency.

Speaking from my own observation of the racing, one of the peculiarities of this compound seems to be that a boat coated with it needs less ballast than without it. In other words, the boat seems to be so much more speedy in getting out from under pressure that she does not hang so much in one place to be knocked down. Performances of different boats seemed to me to indicate this, but at present I only advance the theory for the careful watching of others.

After Mr. Garbutt's *Did* raced a boat of Fellows and Puhg for \$500, these builders wanted their revenge and challenged again with a new boat for the same sum. Garbutt did not get a new boat but when the second race came on, the compound was placed on the old *Did*. Before the race it seemed to me that the new *Aimee* was the better of the two and I said so in the *Times* and still hold that—opinion but not when the *Did* has the dope. *Aimee* was beaten from the start but subse-

quently was put ahead by a shift of wind, after which the *Did*, sailing with a curious buoyant life, went out to another lead in the windward work and ran home an easy winner. Both boats, by agreement, abandoned ordinary rules. Pugh got off on a launch to lighten his boat for the home run and Garbutt boomed out ballast, himself, on a plank in part of the windward work.

The next trial was when the old *Mischief* was doped for the 100 mile race round Catalina Island on June 11 of last year. The old *Mischief* had then been outbuilt by the *Monsoon* and *Mischief II.*, while the *Detroit*, of the class above, had never been touched by any boat of this locality, while reaching. In the 30 mile reach to the south end of Catalina the old *Mischief* was in conversation with the others all the way and at the Seal Rocks a blanket that was big enough might have covered the four. But from all other performances, before or since, the old *Mischief* was due to be beaten here by two or three miles. Then came the hard all night beat in a 35 mile gale in which the old *Mischief* cleared the outside end of Catalina a mile to the windward of the second boat—the others being nowhere. From here her defective compass took her Gloucester (Mass.) crew into Redondo, twelve miles from the right finish at San Pedro; but as far as the use of the compound is concerned, the old *Mischief* made a performance so far outside calculations that no one could believe it in the absence of actual proof.

The *Monsoon* was the next boat which was given the compound and it was to be noted that with the exception of the race around Catalina this was the only race of the year which the *Monsoon* won. True, she received a larger time allowance on this day (Sept.

23) but in the 15 mile race to Cape St. Vincent and back she finished only 6 mins. 4 secs. behind *Mischief II* and she beat the *Detroit*, boat for boat, by 4 mins. 3 secs.

The next test of the compound was last Sunday on the new *Columbine*. In her first race, *Columbine* was beaten in two and a half miles of windward work by *Mischief II.*, by 1 min. 45 secs., and by *Monsoon* by two minutes. In that first race *Columbine* won by fast reaching. But in her second contest the doped *Columbine* suddenly blossomed out as a craft that could simply lose the whole fleet in windward work. In the first five mile run to Long Beach she was damaged by having her spinnaker on the wrong side but managed to round the leeward mark something over a minute in the lead. As soon as she came by the wind, the craft which was previously beaten in this work said good-bye for all day. It was exactly like the *Did* over again—only worse. After 27 minutes she made her first tack and crossed the course of the other boats. *Monsoon* and *Mischief II.* were then having a solitary neck-and-neck fight far in the rear and the *Columbine*'s lead was so great that there was nothing to hope for the others. The race was practically ended right here. The throat halliards of the *Mischief II.* gave way and this yacht left the race. But *Monsoon* fought it out and at the Government breakwater after five miles of beating was fourteen minutes behind the *Columbine*.

According to previous performances in the same waters she ought to have been nearly four minutes ahead; so there was, up to this point, something like eighteen minutes to be accounted for in some way. The *Columbine* had received 560 pounds more ballast since the first race, but this small amount did not

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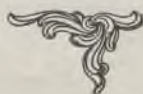
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seem to account for the great difference in the way she stood up and snaked through the harder streaks of wind. Like the *Did*, she seemed to ease herself by going faster, and she never once lay down to lose way as she did in the previous race. Later, she got caught in the kelp and was held helpless for perhaps three minutes and she failed to work a certain bay for currentless water, so that the *Monsoon*, which was sailed all day by Joe Pugh without a fault, gained largely; but *Columbine* secured further lead in the passage home and finished 7 mins. 32 secs. in advance.

This is the record of the compound so far as we know it in actual tests with racing yachts. But the tests in private experiment show that in the spinning of floating discs, those which are covered with the patented compound never show less than six revolutions more than the uncoated discs. In this way the friction or clinging of water on different substances can be reduced to a certainty, and sometimes the number of revolutions show much greater differences when other coatings are tried; but the compound never has less than six revolutions more than the others. Yachtsmen are much interested in these showings because the results in the racing field suggest large possibilities regarding high speed of yachts and in the smashing of official records.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy B. Barham left this week for the north to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas H. Williams at their country place on the McCloud River, where they will remain a month. Mrs. Barham, who has been seriously ill, is convalescent.

Mr. and Mrs. Elliott are residing at Burlingame. Mrs. Elliott was formerly Miss Evelyn Prewitt, a popular Los Angeles belle.

Colonel George N. Black was a guest at the Majestic Hotel, San Francisco, this week.

Mr. Gustav Mann, manager of the Majestic Hotel, San Francisco, was a guest this week at the Alexandria.

Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Dunn and Mrs. Walter S. Newhall leave for the Yosemite next week.

Recent arrivals from Los Angeles at the Hotel del Coronado, Coronado Beach are as follows: Miss Alice K. Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. R. O. Price, Miss Keith, Mr. and Mrs. John J. Byrne, Otto Neisser, C. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Harris, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Mathewson, C. A. Fellows, Mr. and Mrs. G. C. Kaiser, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Love, D. H. Steele, Mr. and Mrs. Cosmo Morgan, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Obeir and family, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. White, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Holliday, Miss Ida Holliday, J. H. Holliday, Samuel N. Holliday, Miss Olive Newman, Douglas C. Mitchell, Mrs. Dwight Whiting, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Burnett, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Mines.

Arrivals from Los Angeles during the past week at the Hotel Majestic, San Francisco, were: Mr. and Mrs. James Smith, C. H. Richards, P. D. McKenna, Frank Calling, Colonel George N. Black, Mrs. A. K. Prather, J. C. Cherry, Frank Hess, Joseph Ripple, Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Franklin, W. D. Murphy, Frank Katz.

## Lucille's Letter

My dear Harriet:—

It seems queer to find so many shoppers between seasons, when everyone is socially out of town. But the shops are bustling and there are enticing bargains on all sides.

At the Ville the very clever girl who presides over the destinies of the millinery department ruefully hailed my advent, declaring she had nothing to show me. However I found some of the fashionable sailors that are so popular with young and old, and which supply the strenuous demand for "hack" hats. You may have your sailor plain or adorned with one of those nobby drapes which are so chic. The straws are exceptionally good, and there is every variety of sailor shape one could conceive. If you want a beach or outing hat that is becoming, comfortable and stylish—the Ville's the place.

At Blackstone's the fragrance of the vanity counter attracted me. And such a plenty of toilet accessories as they have! A novel little creation is a vanity box in gun-metal or silver, with a small round mirror set in the top. In the box there is a tiny powder-puff and a cake of powder. These boxes and the *poudre papier*, with their silver cases are welcome comforts on these warm days and are warranted to take the beefy shine off the most rebellious nose. A compact little luxury for traveling is the leather case, wherein is contained tooth-brush, hair brush and comb, cloth brush, soap-box and shaving box—which feminine mind could quickly convert to some other use. This case can be slipped into small space and is tremendously convenient. Of course Blackstone's have a full line

of especially good perfumes, sachets and fine soaps. They all have a quiet fragrance that is refreshing without being offensive.

The time has passed when a girl can wear "any old thing" for a bathing suit. Nowadays it is an important item in her summer wardrobe and many a bud possesses several of these smart garments. The Boston Store has taken advantage of this and is showing some frivolous examples of the latest styles, not only for sister and brother but for the youngsters. There are natty blouses with broad collars and sailor-knot ties, some with princess skirts, and simple girlish waists. These are constructed so as to make the wearer appear as well dressed as possible—obviously a difficult and much de-

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sired effect in such proverbially scant attire. You know the scenery along the coast—in the summer—depends largely on the summer girls and their bathing suits, and the Boston is surely attempting to boom the aforesaid scenic effects. Those comfy knit suits for either lad or lassie of tender years are the cunningest bits imaginable, and are wonderfully easy to dry and pull into shape. Many a youngster will delight in one of these comforts this season—so make hay while the sun shines.

Everyone is scrambling for white linen suits this summer and you'll have to look sharp or you will get lost in the shuffle. At Coulter's they have some unusually desirable creations in white linen and poplinette. The skirts of these are made in the ultra-fashionable pleated models with gracefully outlined designs

in heavy braid. You can have any sort of jacket you want—Eton, pony, box, or half-fitted. If so desired, you can get any one of these models with inserts of Irish crochet lace. A three piece suit in white linen, with pleated skirt, nobby little jumper, and an Eton coat, was wonderfully reasonable in price especially when one considers that the material and the hand-work were exceptionally good. There are a few of these suits in a pretty shade of blue, some braided, some unadorned, but they all bear the stamp of good form.

I suppose that we may soon be looking for fall styles—and then we'll be lost in a maze of fall shoppers. But what's the use of meeting trouble with a wheelbarrow? Adios!

As ever,

Lucille.

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## On the Stage and Off

By GEORGE A. DOBINSON.

It is a debated question whether Edmund Rostand added to the laurels he gained as the author of *Cyrano de Bergerac* when he put forth his six act play, *L'Aiglon*, which was written for Sarah Bernhardt, as the first named was for Coquelin. It seems as if the question should bring its own answer. *Cyrano* contains much poetry it is true, and our sympathy with the hero is soon excited and is firmly held to the end, but it is a forced sympathy after all, and there is a feeling of relief when we realize that *Cyrano's* death is the best, and, in fact, the only solution that is desirable to the story.

In considering the drama made out of the story of Napoleon's only son, it is well to heed the advice of the author who says that he lays no claim to the production of a historical play with its illustrations of wars and triumphs, but who picks out of the millions the pathetic figure of "a poor little child," who for a brief time held the center of the stage in the theater of European politics. Sad as it is, Rostand invests his delineation with an interest of the most absorbing kind. Child of the greatest conqueror the world has ever seen, the man of iron will, the dictator of kings and potentates, the boy comes into the world deficient in the qualities that alone would enable him to become a successor to his sire. Instead, he grows up to be a dreamer and a poet—filled with ambitious hopes, feeding himself stealthily upon the facts of his dead father's history, burning to emulate his prestige, and craving to be called "emperor," his little stock of fitful energy is dissipated, and dread disease forces him to give up his unavailing struggle.

His regrets, his despair and his rebellion against his destiny are continually fed by his resentment against the system of espionage and repression with which the Austrian court surrounds him, and the fact that his Austrian mother practically excludes him from her life. To the dramatist, such a character amid such conditions will naturally be suggestive of immense possibilities. Rostand gave himself to the task of making a great play out of them. He was hampered by no considerations of expense and his cast of characters is almost unprecedented in size, while the scenic demands are enormous. Still, the most effective scenes of the piece are those in which but few characters take part. Outside the title part, the characters of Prince Metternich and Flambeau, a veteran, are the only ones of serious importance requiring people of more than ordinary

ability for their presentation.

Upon the character of the young Duke of Reichstadt, *L'Aiglon* of the play, the author has expended an amount of loving care and shed such an abundance of poetic luster that require not only histrionic powers of the highest kind, but a certain adequate fitness of physique, a combination, indeed, requiring unusual qualifications for their proper delineations. Maude Adams is, so far as known, the only English speaking actress who could fill these requirements and certainly no one more acceptably. In appearance she is the realization of an ideal picture of the young duke and in addition she is temperamentally fitted to the interpretation of the poetic lines which have been so admirably translated by Mr. Louis N. Parker. Not only does Miss Adams excel in the exalted moments of the play, as in the line, "It is Napoleon's son who speaks to you," which was delivered with a grandeur and hauteur that made the frail little prince seem for the moment majestic, but in the exhibitions of more every day emotion she was irresistible. The scene, for example, in which the duke coaxes his old grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, to allow him to return to Paris and assume the reins of government, was given in the most insinuating and convincing manner, and the denunciation immediately following upon Metternich's interference carried the audience by storm.

The climax of the second act, in which the duke shatters the large looking glass in which his excited imagination sees the forms of his detested kin, upon the malicious promptings of the crafty Metternich, was most exciting, and called forth the loudest applause of the evening. This is Metternich's great scene and it is no derogation to the great ability that Mr. Lawford has shown in the dual role in *Peter Pan*, to say that he is not equal to the character of the Austrian statesman. He fills the part in appearance, in gravity of demeanor, but his pirate king is too much in evidence when he attempts to terrify the young duke in his great scene of *L'Aiglon*.

The grand climax of the play is the scene on the historic ground on the battlefield of Wagram, and here the author has given the reins to his Pegasus, and indulges in an imaginative flight of the most extraordinary and blood curdling kind. Stage realism cannot succeed in depicting it, so much depends upon the receptivity of the audience. The young duke, excited by his flight having been effectively stopped, finds himself at night on

the field of Wagram and with the dead body of a veteran, self slaughtered, at his feet. He proceeds in poetic rhapsody and finally works himself to the point that he hears the cries of the wounded and the dying, rising out of the ground around him. It may be the night winds, but he hears distinctly the shrieks, the groans and the calls for succor and the horrors of the battlefield which work him to frenzy, only relieved when his own regiment, whose music he has also heard at a distance, arrives on the ground.

The last scene, that of the death of *L'Aiglon*, is perhaps required for an artistic finish to the story, but it is almost an anti-climax and the spectator may well evade it.

George Osbourne, a veteran himself in dramatic work and highly esteemed, particularly on this coast, for long and faithful work, is a thoroughly adequate representative of the veteran Napoleonic soldier, Flambeau, whose gruffness, whose honesty and whose courage he portrays splendidly. It is a relief to find one character stand out so strongly in a crowd of minor people in the cast who have little to recommend them by their high sounding names.

The mounting of *L'Aiglon* is excellent, and the presentation of so noted and difficult a play at the Mason Opera House must be taken as a direct compliment by Mr. Frohman to the generosity of Los Angeles audiences in their support of the best talent.

When Sardou wrote his topical comedy upon the then proposed change in the French law to facilitate the divorce of married people, he probably did not expect that it would become for many years a stock piece upon the American stage. But the subject has grown more attractive at the years have gone by, and the dialogue is so clever that it really applies to present conditions with surprising freshness. As in most French comedies and farces there is a tendency towards indecency in the wit of *Divorcons*. In fact, in the original it is more than a tendency, the lapses being of the frankest kind, but all this is very much softened in the English translation, and as given by the Belasco people this week and interpreted in their smooth, easy way, the risky lines, where they occur, are glided over in an innocent way that is really angelic.

The interest in the piece is divided between three people, the married couple, and the lover who is hankering after forbidden fruit. The willingness of the husband in frankly



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Jack Wilson & Co.,  
The Great Bernar,  
Rose and Jeanette,  
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consenting to a divorce and treating his would-be successor with polite consideration to his great astonishment, is a treatment of the subject that may be found on an older French comedy, translated into English under the title of *Delicate Ground*, and once very popular when one act pieces were more frequently in use upon the stage.

That the husband succeeds in retaining the wife of whom he is really very fond, by his device is the natural outcome of the situation. The selfishness of the lover is exposed and the wife's craving for romantic adventure is, at least temporarily, cured.

Mr. Bosworth and Miss Albertson as the couple who cannot agree and Mr. Scott as the handsome cavalry officer who is made the butt of ridicule, carry off the several humorous situations in the polished style that is expected of them, and without which the piece would become entirely farcical. As it is, it is not until the last act, the scene of the supper at the restaurant, that the element of farce is allowed to appear, and then the fun is fast and furious, the original purpose of the comedy is lost sight of, and there are the familiar hiding in corners, and chasings in and out of rooms and up and down stairs that we have seen in other French farces, translated and adapted, too numerous to mention. Mr. Murphy, as the polyglot restaurant proprietor, has most of the glory of this act.

Mr. Bosworth's methods as a comedian are worthy of study, if only to observe the manner in which he utilizes the means of expression in facial play and subtle movements which often, more than the lines themselves, betray the character he assumes. Miss Albertson is delightfully tantalizing as the young wife with the regret that romance does not enter into her married life, and who therefore seeks it on the outside. She is not yet entirely the mistress of the rapid articulation that belongs to the role, but her practice evidently has been along lines demanding care and deliberation in delivery. She is at her best in the second act when she is revealing to her husband the methods by which she has been cheating him, and later, when her jealousy is aroused at the thought of his becoming attached to another woman. This thought reveals to her that she really loves him and insures a happy ending.

Mr. Scott is as amusing as the part allows and plays in his usual artistic style. It is not a grateful part and therefore the player of it deserves the more credit for doing it so well.

*The County Fair* is being repeated this week at the Burbank to the great joy of its patrons. The cast remains without material change except that Miss Royce now takes the part of Aunt Abbie and plays it with requisite unction and consequent effect. Mr. Desmond makes the mistake of consciously burlesquing a funny character. The horse race is shown by moving pictures.

### Grusty Tips to Theatre Goers.

Orpheum—Anita Bartling makes her first bow to a Los Angeles audience next Monday evening, July 22. That her juggling is of more than ordinary cleverness may be inferred from the fact that she has appeared in every European capital and amusement center of importance. Jack Wilson and his company of black-face stars will introduce a clever melange of comedy, song and dance, under the title, *An Upheaval in Darktown*. The Great Bernar manipulates an entire theatrical troupe of marionettes and an enthusiastic audience in his miniature theater. The really life-like

performance of his puppets fully entitles Berner to the title "King of Marionettes." Rose and Jeanette are a pair of chic Parisiennes whose eccentric dances and fetching beauty will insure them a hearty welcome and a long remembrance. Bert and Bertha Grant are already known to Orpheumites. They are as funny and clever as ever—probably more so.

The acts retained from the previous bill are Virginia Earl & Co., Mme. Lalla Selbini and Armstrong & Clark.

**Grand**—The spectacular melodrama, *On Dangerous Ground*, with scenes and characters from San Francisco of today, will be the next offering by the Ulrich Stock Company at the Grand. This play deals with the under strata of the political world, the ward heelers and their henchmen, the upper crust of the social underworld, the Bowery restaurants, gentlemanly gamblers and their following. It is said to be realistic, sensational and, above all, true to the time and place. *On Dangerous Ground* will run for the week commencing with next Sunday's matinee.

**Morosco's**—T. Daniel Frawley, who for many years maintained his own stock company at the Burbank, makes his reappearance next week in Clyde Fitch's *The Climbers*. William Desmond will appear as Dick Sterling, practically the "heavy" of the drama.

**Belasco's**—Henry Arthur Jones's powerful drama, *Mrs. Dane's Defense*, which proved one of the Belasco successes when formerly produced, will be revived, with Hobart Bosworth as Sir Daniel Carteret and Lillian Albertson as Mrs. Dane.

*Alabama*, a Southern play in four acts, by Augustus Thomas, will be given by special permission of the author Thursday evening, July 25, by the Dobinson Dramatic Club in the auditorium of the Dobinson School of Expression, 1044 South Hope street. Incidental music, in charge of Mrs. L. A. Robinson, and negro songs will be an interesting feature of the evening. Following is the cast of characters:

Col. Preston, an old planter.....Mr. Phipps  
Col. Moberly, a relic of the Confederacy.....Mr. Buttolph  
Squire Tucker, a Talladega County justice.....Mr. Cox  
Capt. Davenport, a Northern railroad man.....  
.....Mr. Thompson  
Mr. Armstrong, his agent.....Mr. Robinson  
Lathrop Page, a Southern boy.....Mr. Brockseiper  
Raymond Page, a party of business.....Mr. Ludwig  
Decatur, an ante-bellum servant.....Mr. Jacobs  
Mrs. Page, a widow who thinks twice.....Miss Tobias  
Mrs. Stockton, another widow.....Miss McDonald  
Carey Preston, an Alabama blossom.....Miss Marcher  
Atlanta Moberly, Col. Moberly's daughter.....  
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## In the Musical World

Without question the greatest feature of the N. E. A. was the musical attractions provided for the visitors. To judge by the expressions of the teachers who have attended these gatherings, never before has such a feast of music been spread for the educators. The visitors will go to their homes firm in the belief of the musical development of Los Angeles—and when you come to think about it, the progress that has been made in the southwest has been remarkable. This is due to the persistent efforts of such impressarios as Behymer, and such leaders as Hamilton, Barnhart Jahn, Schoenewald, Poulin, Davis, Lott, and others who have added to the common good. True, you or I may not think that this leader or that leader is the best that the earth affords; that this singer has a crack in his voice; that that singer is affected; that this pianist is a mere pounder of keys or that that organist knows little. But the central fact is that each to the extent of his ability has been a soldier for the common good. And maybe, after all, you and I and the other fellow may be mistaken in some of our estimates.

At any rate it was certainly true that the teachers flocked to hear Bruce Kingsley's half hour organ recitals; that after they had been talked to death by an educator who had coined a new word, "educand," they remained to hear Mr. Poulin's Lyric Club accompanied by Miss O'Donoughue. Not only remained, but at a late hour called the ladies out time and again. Ellen Beach Yaw packed the Auditorium and there was an overflow of over 2,000 outside who could not gain entrance to the Auditorium.

The Krauss Quartet charmed the visitors. Natorp Blumenfeld had an appreciative audience. The Apollo Club, the Scottish Rite Quartet (a prime lot of singers, that four), the Maennerchor—each and all were applauded to the echo. Miss Blanch Ruby and Miss O'Donoughue charmed their hearers. But did they ever fail to do so?

Now if the visitors had heard the Symphony, and The Californians and the Ellis Club and the Orpheus Club their cup of happiness would have been full to overflowing.

When you come to look at things with a clear vision this man's town ranks up well with places double and treble its size.

My friend, Mr. Frederick Stevenson, who, by the bye, is enjoying a vacation at Miramar, Santa Barbara county, has set orchestra leaders by the ears in counseling a change in the make-up of orchestras, say of eight. He would eliminate the brasses and substitute more reeds and strings. To appreciate the value of the Stevensonian suggestion go to the theater and have your ears assaulted by the blare of the trombone and the blast of the cornets. Then go into Levy's and listen to the music of that orchestra which has no brasses. Relief! Blessed Relief!!

The Californians are having a fine season at the beach.

Sidney Lloyd Wrightson? Oh, you remember him! He "dropped" into Los Angeles two or three summers ago and was going to revolutionize things. He has "dropped" again. Not in Los Angeles but elsewhere. He is no longer director of the Washington, D. C., Choral Society and Percy S. Foster has been chosen. The intention is to get the Choral Society out of a "rut." That is just what Mr. Sidney Lloyd Wrightson said he would do for the benighted musicians of Los Angeles. And then he got into a "rut" of his own.

A. Grosjean, a violin maker and musician, of San José, claims that eucalyptus wood is one of the best materials to make violins out of that can be found. This discovery by Mr. Grosjean is chronicled in a recent issue of the San José News. From time immemorial the violin maker has looked upon maple as the only suitable wood out of which to make violins, and hard sycamore has been considered the second choice. It has remained for Mr. Grosjean to demonstrate that eucalyptus has all of the qualities necessary for fine tone, and only lacks the grain, which makes the maple wood more desirable. The San José maker has completed a number of violins of eucalyptus.

Oscar Hammerstein, manager of the Manhattan Opera, has returned from Europe. He announces that he will open his season in New York on November 4 with a production of *Gioconda*, embracing the services of Nordica and Zenatello, the new tenor. There will be seven absolute novelties in New York in the repertory: *Dolores*, *Louise*, *Peleas and Melisande*, *Contes d'Hoffmann*, *Notre Dame*, *Helene* and *Thais*. Other works to be performed are *Mefistofele*, *Andrea Chenier*, *Damnation de Faust*, *Prophete*, *Manon* (Massenet), *Romeo et Juliette*, *Lohengrin*, *Tannhauser*, *Tristan and Isolde*, *Flying Dutchman*, *Lucia*, *Traviata*, *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, *Pagliacci*, *Nabucco*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Boheme*, *Les Huguenots* and *Aida*. The members of the Manhattan Company will be: Sopranos and altos—Melba, Garden, Nordica, Schumann-Heink, Russ, Bressler-Gianoli, Ber-ville-Reache, De Cisneros, Borello, Francesca, Seegris, Knoelling, Trentini, Giaconia and Sepilli; tenors—Zenatello, Bassi, Dalmore, Albani, Cazouran; baritones—Renaud, Sammarco, Ancona, Dufranne, Perier; basses—Didur, Arimondi, Vieulle, Mendoza.

L. E. Behymer has left New York and is on his way home, via Washington and Jamestown. Before leaving New York he gave *Musical America* a second interview on affairs western which is worth re-printing. Mr. Behymer said:

"Owing to splendid work on the part of the Western managers, most musicians who have visited the coast previously have done remarkably well, but this season entirely too many are going out. Last season terrible rain storms hurt business materially and the San Francisco fire had much to do with bad business there. Will L. Greenbaum, of Oakland and San Francisco, is working hard to put his section of the state on the musical map again and Miss Steers and Miss Canan are doing wonders in the North-West. In

Southern California and the Great South-West I have succeeded in developing a good group of cities who respond freely when called upon to patronize the best in music. Last season Mme. Schumann-Heink made the greatest financial success of all. Ellen Beach Yaw did quite well, Arthur Hartman was very successful artistically and Rosenthal probably played to twice as much money as he has at any previous visit. His work was well received. Gabrilowitsch renewed his friendships and showed his great improvement to his many admirers. Hekking, for the first time in many years, visited the coast and De Gogorza charmed large audiences. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra, under Von Fielitz, gave a series of music festivals that were very successful."

Continuing in regard to Mr. Behymer's

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work, *Musical America* writes:

"For years Mr. Behymer has tried to reach the 'back country,' the smaller cities, with good musical artists, but found the music enthusiast very scarce. Throughout the Great Western Lyceum and Musical Bureau, of which he is president, he hopes next year to meet with greater success in these places. He is giving much of his time to developing the music spirit in the west, and is enthusiastic over the 'awakening of the west, musically,' as he terms it. He believes in the western composer, and the swing and dash of the western composition, and declares it is indicative of the freedom of the range and the grandeur of the mountains."

Edna Darch has been engaged by the management of the Royal Opera House, in Berlin, to sing in grand opera under a contract for two years. As a little girl in 1904, Miss Darch attracted the attention of Mme. Calvé, who heard her sing in this city. Mme. Calvé was charmed by the promise of her voice, insisted on adopting her and took her to New York with the intention of educating her in music. Lessons proceeded for a time, and then something caused a rupture between the prima donna and the child.

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**Art and Artists**

By RENE T. DE QUELIN

Albert Lorey Groll, a prominent landscape painter of New York City, has been paying Los Angeles and its environs a visit while on a tour through Arizona and the Grand Canyon. Mr. Herman Schaus, the well-known connoisseur and dealer has accompanied him. Mr. Groll is perhaps better known to the general public through the furore he created last spring with a painting he exhibited in New York of an Arizona landscape. It was bought by Mr. James Stillman for a large sum of money.

Mr. Groll was born in New York, December 8, 1866, son of Carl and Caroline Lorey Groll. He was educated in art in New York, from there went to Munich, where he graduated at the Royal Academy in 1899. He won the Morgan prize in 1903; the Shaw prize in 1904; the silver medal, Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904, and the gold medal, Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, 1906. He is an associate of the National Academy of New York, a life member of the Lotus Club, and a member of the Salmagundi Club. Mr. Groll's main object in his trip west is to study the Pueblo and Hopi Indians and the country in which they live; and particularly the wonderful skies in those sections; also to see the Grand Canyon and paint it, but in a conversation with the writer he expressed his absolute fear of undertaking such an overwhelming subject and, although generous inducements were offered to this artist by the management of the hotel with the invitation to be their guest while working in that region, he found the appalling immensity of that fearful and wondrous scenery so great that the first shock of such a sight was too much. As he truly says, an artist must make many visits to become accustomed to its awe-inspiring and prodigious illimitableness. What an infinitesimal atom man realizes he is when placed amid such

surroundings? All the art world of the states will be intensely interested in what must prove a wondrous work of the Canyon when Mr. Groll does undertake it, for it is only one who has so fully realized its astonishing grandeur, as Mr. Groll has, who can grasp his subject with the necessary power, force and strength that it requires.

The Capitol Investigation Committee, of Harrisburg, Pa., has unearthed a gigantic grafting scheme by which the architect, Joseph M. Huston, who was ably aided by his wily brother, the Rev. S. C. Huston, and another silent partner named Lewis, also John M. Sanderson, contractor for all the interior furnishings of the capitol, managed to appropriate three million dollars of the state's money. One of the chief sufferers from their intrigues was George Gray Barnard, the sculptor, who was awarded the contract for all the exterior sculptural work. This contract was let to Mr. Barnard for one hundred thousand dollars; the question then came in for Mr. Barnard to give bond, the majority of the building commission wanting him to furnish a bond of fifty thousand dollars, but finally, at the instigation of Governor Stone, this was reduced to twenty thousand, which was furnished by the Baltimore Bond Co., who took his first payment and also two valuable works, the *Hewer* and the *Oak Clock*, as well as forcing him to insure his life for twenty-five thousand dollars. Mr. Barnard was then compelled to accept a loan of ten thousand dollars with which to build studios in Paris, which cost him six thousand dollars that he was obliged to sell later for a hundred dollars, owing to financial straits and his payments being held back by the architect Huston. The story of his sufferings for the want of his rightful money is distressing. He was ably assisted by a large staff of French modelers and casters whom he could not pay, but on his explaining that there was some intrigue keeping him out of his money, the French Government came to his rescue and offered to purchase seven of his figures for

the Luxembourg Salon at very generous prices and also offered him the red ribbon, all of which he declined. All his assistants encouraged him to go on with his work and finish it, stating that they would wait for their salaries until such time as matters could be adjusted. It is pitiful to hear how Huston, the architect, misled the sculptor, thereby causing him enormous expense, with promises of work to reach seven hundred thousand dollars; having him lay out sixty-seven important figures and after his spending thousands of dollars upon them, telling the sculptor he was sorry he took it seriously as he had not meant it. Finally Barnard broke down with worry, ill-treatment and torment, having to retire to the south of France to try to recuperate. At this time he was without money and borrowed a small sum and bought and sold curios to make a living, finally working his way back to Paris with the little he earned in this way. At last, receiving part of his money for this work, he cleared his debts in Paris and returned to this country to testify before the Investigating Commission. He has now been paid all except thirteen thousand dollars. France made further offers to Mr. Barnard if he would stay there, in the shape of a magnificent studio with a splendid garden and orchard but, although he appreciated the gifts offered, he preferred to come back to America, his native country, and do what he could to further American art. Mr. Barnard and his wife are now visiting in New Hampshire, awaiting the adjustment of his difficulties. He will return to France in September and take up his work, providing the Capitol Building Commission releases the bond of twenty thousand dollars.

Solon Borglum, sculptor, recently a guest of Mr. Charles F. Lummis, librarian, spent some time in Los Angeles in the earlier years of his career, and it was his brother, Gutzou Borglum, painter and sculptor, who influenced him to take up art. Solon Borglum was born in Ogden, Utah, in 1868 and first came to California when but fifteen years of age, taking charge of a ranch; going later to Nebras-



ka, but returning to California and living in Los Angeles and Santa Ana. He had become an art student and derived sufficient means from his work to enable him to go to the Cincinnati Art School where he soon took up modeling, finding his chief pleasure and outlet for his genius in the study and modeling of horses. His first group won a fifty dollar prize and he afterwards won a scholarship and went to Paris. He gave up all other attractions to devote himself entirely to his favorite animals. His understanding and love of the great western life gave to his work marvelous intensity of feeling and bold, firm handling which won for his group of *Wild Horses* a place in the Salon. But, like many artists, Mr. Borglum suffered great hardships in his student days, and it is interesting to hear his personal recounts. His latest works are two statues; a portrait statue of General John B. Gordon, C. S. A., unveiled in Atlanta, Georgia, in June; and the equestrian statue of Captain O'Neal, for the recent unveiling of which at Prescott, Arizona, Mr. Borglum came west.

At a banquet held at the Royal Academy, in London, recently, the Prince of Wales, who was present, strongly recommended artists to go to India for the study of gorgeous color effects. This, indeed, was excellent advice, and it is somewhat strange that so few American painters have gone there, though so many have been captivated by Japan. But India far excels anything that Japan has to offer either for subjects or color. Mr. Louis C. Tiffany, Mr. de Forest and Mr. Wores are about the only ones who have entered that country and attempted anything serious among the many strong painters of the United States. It is true that the tide has now strongly turned in favor of painting American landscapes, which is certainly a move in the right direction, and Europe is already awakening to the marvelous storehouse of beauty held within the confines of the United States. But as an incentive and a color note for higher ideals and possibilities with the brush and palette, no country will give the art student or worker such great power as will a visit to rich and resplendent India.

Louis Ehrich, of the Ehrich Galleries of New York, who makes an annual tour in search of old masters, and who is now in Paris, agrees with Sir Caspar Purdon Clark, of the Metropolitan Museum, that genuine antique objects of art are more and more difficult to find. He believes that the higher development of taste for art among people of all nations, together with the rapid increase in wealth and their desire to possess works of art, will soon make it well nigh impossible to obtain good examples of the old masters. This should hasten American art galleries and museums about purchasing such of the best works as may still be had, as the opportunity for acquiring masterpieces of the Renaissance will soon be gone forever.

It is interesting to learn that the demolition of the old town hall in the commune of Rivazzona, near Vogliera, has discovered a hitherto unknown fresco by Leonardo da Vinci. It is upon one of the large walls of the council chamber and declared by experts to be undoubtedly by this famous master. The subject is *Our Lady of the Snows*.

Hugh Cairns, sculptor, of Boston, has recently placed in the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Luke, Portland Maine, four fine mahogany angels, each sixteen feet in height. There



"Walking Elk," Painted by Nanette Calder

are also a series of mural paintings that Edmond C. Tarbell and Philip L. Hale are making for the chapel. Mr. Cairns is also doing considerable work for a very elaborate altar which is to be placed in the chapel of the Cathedral.

The much talked of iconoclastic treatment of the west front of Exeter Cathedral recalls to its many visitors that marvelous screen with its three rows of saints, kings and warriors. Five centuries of English climate have greatly marred the old figures, the work of replacing which has continued for some time, and though there have been loud cries against vandalism, the Dean of Marlborough states that the substitutions made are according to the authorized report of 1895 by Mr. Pearson. Photographs are taken and casts made before any of the old work is removed. It is to be deplored that no process has yet been discovered by which exterior stonework may be protected from decay, such as has already been devised for indoor work, for these new pieces which replace the old can never possess quite the same charm.

Speaking of replacements, we are lately reminded by the comment of a London newspaper, of Mr. Borglum's fallen angels and the atrocities put in their stead upon the Cathedral on Morningside Heights, New York. We quote the following criticism which we feel is very much to the point: "The colossal group representing *St. Michael and the Prince of Darkness*, is simply indescribable except as a large block of stone ruined in its manipulations. Mr. Borglum thinks even this inadequate to describe 'absolutely the worst piece of work in New York.' The sculptures are there to speak for themselves. They are badly executed and their faults cannot be minimized by contrasting them with their thirteenth century work as an ideal impossible to be realized. As a matter of fact they are not up to the standard of the stone decorated work which is now being done by American artists in American cities. They speak for the spirit of inartistic ostentation that characterizes the cathedral itself, with a spire concealing a dome, with false arches, false monolithic columns, masked windows, Romanesque Gothic and clustered chapels of confusion. The



"Little Emily," by Helma Heynsen-Jahn

mediaeval cathedrals are often far from being technically perfect, but even in their failures they are instructive, because they are real. Our cathedral should be truthful as a structure and all of its details should be carefully and intelligently executed. But that truth, that care, that intelligence can be attained only if the creative genius of the architect, the sculptor, the builder, is in harmony with the ideals of the people whose spiritual life the cathedral is to embody. The cathedral exists for the people. No great church was ever built in which those whom it was intended to serve were not vitally interested. If, as Dr. Huntington says, the public is not concerned with what is being done on Morningside Heights, is it because they feel that what is being done there is not for them."

Mr. F. W. Blanchard gave a reception Wednesday evening in the Blanchard Galleries in honor of the artists whose pictures have been hung there for the Eighth Annual Exhibition of Southern California Painters, for the past month. There was a distinguished gathering of artists, literateurs, art patrons and society folk. The following ladies received: Mesdames Randolph Miner, Ernest Bryant, Granville MacGowan, Wesley Clark, May Briggs, M. A. Wilcox, Mary Longstreet, Hancock Banning, M. T. Allen, Alfred Solano, Jarvis Barlow, and W. E. Dunn. A musical program arranged by Mrs. D. M. Riordan added to the entertainment. Delightful refreshments were served.

Miss Calthea Vivian, art teacher of the State Normal School at San José, who spent four years in France, Italy and Spain furthering her art education, expects to become one of the Los Angeles colony of artists, and will open a studio here. Miss Vivian is a sister of Mrs. Gavin Witherspoon, sculptress, whose guest she has lately been.

We illustrate a pastel portrait of a child, called *Little Emily*, by Helma Heynsen-Jahn, which shows the power and strength of this artist's work in portraiture. Also *Walking Elk*, an oil by Nanette Calder, which was reviewed in our issue of June 22.



# Autos and Autoists

By JACK DENSHAM

Now all you good automobile people who read this column listen to me. I am going to josh you and I am going to do it most unmercifully. Perhaps the innocent will suffer with the guilty, but I cannot help that. You remind me of a bunch of naughty babies who need spanking. I am about to do that spanking. I have no right, apparently, but to butt in and do this thing, but consider for a moment how I have lightened the automobile horizon with my foolishness. It is a grand thing to be able to make people laugh even if they snicker at you afterward. The sense of humor is the saving grace. You say that I am English and cannot see a joke until many hours after it is perpetrated. Granted, but it takes me much longer to see the unpleasant side of an occurrence; in fact, I generally manage to overlook it. When I do see the funny side of things it is very funny to me. There is fun in life everywhere if you only keep your weather eye cocked for it. It is funny to watch the disappointed collector walk down the front steps after you have stood him off for another week. It is funny to watch the cat as "Mitsie" comes around in the morning begging for a neck scratching and some food. "Mitsie" is a Manx cat and has no tail, she lists fore and aft and walks with a very peculiar movement. I laugh at her and she laughs at herself and

between the two we enjoy our breakfast hugely. It is particularly funny to watch the importance of a newly appointed jack-in-office, especially if he be a street railroad inspector. It is funny to watch a small boy in overalls that literally hang from his shoulders by the straps and the fun is very sweet to you if that same small boy belongs to you, God love him. It is funny to see real, grown-up men squabble like a bunch of kids playing ball and the fun is tempered with sadness when you catch a note of innate meanness. It is, in fact, very funny to watch all you auto dealers and see how petty you can be if you want to.

Now it is no earthly use to get mad at me. Billy Ruess is about the only one of you who can lick me and he can only do that when Clarence Jargstorff holds me down. Fiery Dan is handy with his mitts, but he is my friend and will stand by me. Ed Caister might make it hard for me, especially if "Oh, Sackett," came along with a pipe wrench. Walter Hempel is a football player—so am I and I have a longer reach. Ed Sehring has a determined face and a good triceps and extensor of the fore-arm but he has promised not to go for me. The only man I really fear is the Blacksmith himself. Yet I have been initiated into his trip-hammer degree of the Knockers Club and, like the man in the song, "I fear no foe in shining armor." Take this then as it is meant. A kindly josh to wake you up and show you how foolish and petty all this squabbling seems to a comparative outsider.

(This is written in grave secrecy and must not be talked of. My wife looked over my shoulder as I was writing this and said that it was good as far as I had written, but that I must kill that part about the bill collector. Quoth she, "That is too personal to be funny." Oi, Yoi, are you with me? Well, I wonder!)

Of course everybody knows what I am referring to. The great and original scrap between Charlie Gates and the Morley management of the endurance run. In serious comment I would say that both sides are justified in feeling hurt. I noted many things on the run which made me swear at the management. Immediately thereafter I said to myself, "Shut up you dampfool, how much better would you have done?" About the matter of rake-off I have nothing to say except that if Jim Morley or his manager did accept any pull-down it will have to be very clearly proved to me before I believe it. The price of \$1 at Riverside is the regulation under the circumstances. I have already stated that I secured the best room in Elsinore for the marvelous sum of one dollar. At Escondido I was present when the good lady of the hotel told Billy Ruess that she could not possibly make both ends meet at fifty cents per, and I was only too glad to see that the price was raised twenty-five cents. Lakeside, I admit, was unspeakable as far as the food was concerned. There should have been ample provision made for a large crowd. But it was worth while going hungry for the sweet satisfaction of bowling

into Rudder's place and being greeted by the genial Harry with a smile and a menu as long as your arm with well cooked grub to back it up. Well, here goes:

## The Gale In the Gasoline Tank.

or

*The Evolution of An Endurance Run.*  
(A drama in five acts by Riding Breeches Jack—the Duke of Leicester Square.)

### Dramatis Personæ.

Bill, the blacksmith . . . Charles Fuller Gates  
Five Hundred Phil . . . James Morley  
Mike, the manager . . . Walter Hempel  
Advertising Alec . . . Walter Beswick  
Chanting Charlie . . . Don Lee  
Jeff . . . Himself  
Ready Roy . . . Old Man Dodge  
Weary Wayne . . . E. Jr. Bennett  
Life Saving Laurence . . . David Macarton  
Creep, the capitalist . . . Mr. Gay  
Joke Powder Jack . . . The Author

*Tourist*  
AUTOMOBILES—  
Made in  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Auto Vehicle Co., Cor. Main and Tenth Streets  
"Better buy a Tourist than wish you had."

"Do You Know"—that we of the "Auto Station,"—Never Close?

Full line of Accessories, Repairing, Storage and Rental.

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S Los Angeles & Tenth  
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## Waterless Knox

—Immediate Deliveries—

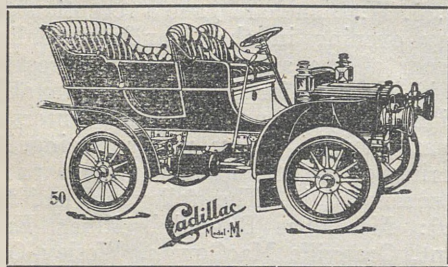
## Billington Motor Car. Co.

Garage Always Open

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## This is the "CADILLAC"



The Car that Won the Economy Cup,  
at the Lakeside Tourney.

It's a Marvel of Mechanical Skill.  
Let Us Show You.

## Lee Motor Car Co.

Morgan and Wright Tires  
1218-20 South Main Street  
Both Phones



Ninth Street Nineveh L. L. Brentner  
 Superior Solomon Ed Sehrig  
 Percival Powders W. M. Gregory  
 (Signers of the Declaration)

An Unknown . . . . Grand Avenue Bill  
 Chorus of automobilists, control policemen  
 and grocery salesmen each carrying a can of  
 gasoline.

Act 1. In front of Ralph Hamlin's garage.  
 The start of the great endurance run. Cur-  
 tain rises on an indistinguishable mass of autos  
 and scurrying drivers with their live ballast.  
 Enter Mike, the manager, quite excited,  
 hurries center front.

Mike, the Manager.—

Well, here I am, don't you see I'm here,  
 Why don't all you people cheer?  
 Line up, line up at once I say;  
 We'll start this run without delay.

Chorus:—

Ho, ho, we hear him blithely say,  
 He'll start the run without delay.

(Enter Joke Powder Jack followed by Ad-  
 vertising Alec and Unknown garbed in goggles  
 and a dust coat.)

Unknown:—

What's the matter, what's the fuss?  
 I never did see such a muss.

Hand me up the megaphone,  
 I'll use my very best Dutch tone.

(Shouting through the megaphone.)

Come on, good people, get in line.

Hey! ten, make room for number nine.

(Unknown shouts through megaphone until  
 all get in line and start off.)

Act 2. Elsinore. The control Many auto-  
 mobiles standing in the hot sun. Everywhere  
 are many thirsty autoists. Enter Life Saving  
 Laurence on a cart stacked with beer bottles.  
 On the cart are also Joke Powder Jack and  
 Advertising Alec.

Life Saving Laurence.—

Come on ye people, crowd around,  
 There's something good here to be found.  
 Be careful, Walter, how you steer,  
 You're liable to spill the beer.

Chorus:—

Now altogether give a cheer  
 For Dave Macarton and his beer.

(Enter Bill, the Blacksmith. Takes note-  
 book and pencil and writes rapidly.)

Bill, the Blacksmith.—

In this control I see the fate  
 Of any man who stays out late.  
 He'll monkey with his own machine  
 And try to pour in gasoline.

(Everybody quenches his own thirst and takes  
 no notice of Bill, the Blacksmith because he  
 is only there in spirit.)

Act 3. The race-track at Lakeside. The  
 Great Gay Race Meet. Everybody discovered  
 all over the stage.

Chanting Charlie.—

Sing hey, sing ho, for the Cadillac,  
 The only car upon the track.  
 The Cadillac cannot be beat—  
 But I wish I'd something good to eat.

Jeff—

(Recitative) Gentlemen, gentlemen, we  
 are all very hungry but we do not wish  
 to say anything about it. The Prince of  
 Wales is requested to report at the judges'  
 stand, there is a telegram for him here  
 Wake up, wake up, good people. The  
 weather is very hot but we are having a  
 good time.

NO WAITING—IT IS AT YOUR IMMEDIATE SERVICE.

## The PIERCE-RACINE

4=Cylinder==40 H. P. Tourer.

EQUIPMENT COMPLETE \$2,750

INVESTIGATE AT ONCE. IT WILL PAY YOU. OUR ALLOTMENT IS  
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 Automobile Supplies.

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 mous Warner Speedo-  
 meter, J. Lacosti &  
 Co., (Ignition.)

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E. A. FEATHERSTONE CO.  
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POPE-HARTFORD gets perfect Score and wins the  
 Economy Cup in the Lakeside Endurance Run mak-  
 ing an average of  $21\frac{7}{100}$  miles to a gallon of gasoline

## The Incomparable WHITE

Gets perfect score and carries seven passengers and 350 pounds of bag-  
 gage to Lakeside and return without a single adjustment.  
 Driven by a man who is handling his first car.

H. D. RYUS,  
 Manager

WHITE GARAGE

WM. R. RUESS  
 Sales Manager

712 S. Broadway. Both Phones

## AUTOMOBILISTS OF THE SOUTHWEST SECTION:

No need to take a Lame Car down town

### The Golden State Garage

is Fireproof and equipped with every modern device to aid expert mechanics.  
 Prices Right.

West 482  
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REO Motor Cars give perfect satisfaction, whether in a race, in an endurance run, or in every day, general use. Reo is the best all around automobile made.

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Santa Barbara—T. P. Izard.

Nipomo—John Cook.

Santa Monica, Ocean Park—A. W. McPherson, Santa Monica.

Downey—W. W. Bramlette.

Pasadena—Robertson Motor Car Company.

Riverside, San Bernardino, Colton—C. A. Dundas, Riverside.

Uplands—Uplands Auto Company.

Whittier—Saunders Bros.

Cambria—Minor & Westendorf.

**Special Notice**—For the convenience of prospective buyers who find it inconvenient to call on week days, I will keep my salesrooms open from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. every Sunday.

Reo Runabouts: \$675, \$700, \$1150, \$1300.

Reo Touring Cars: \$1250, \$1350, \$1400, \$1500, \$2650.

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H. M. FULLER, Sales Manager.

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## AUTOISTS!

### Firestone Tires

Are Made in 3 styles, to-wit: Mechanically Fastened, Universal (Goodyear Type) and Clincher. Inspection will convince that Firestone Tires are the Best.

**John T. Bill Co.,**

Tenth and Main Sts.

## The Maxwell

Winner in the Altadena hill-climb.  
Maxwell Runabout,

Time, 3:03.

Four-cylinder Tourabout,

Time, 2:56 1-5.

The Runabout was one of the latest cars entered.

It is 14 H. P. and costs \$325 less than any car of other makes that finished.

Isn't this the car you want?

## WAYNE

**Touring Cars and Runabouts**

16 to 60 Horse Power \$800 to \$3,650.

E. Jr. BENNETT AUTOMOBILE CO.

Gen. Agents for Southern California

## MOON MOTOR CARS

Motor Car Company of Los Angeles.

A. W. McCready, Jr.

122 E. SIXTH ST.

Chorus—

He states in prose, he cannot rhyme,  
We're all of us having a jolly good time.

*Five Hundred Phil*—

I do not like this beastly heat and toil  
I'll go to San Diego in my Royal. (Exit)

*Mike, the Manager*—

Aha, ho, ho, my boss has left,  
Of all restraint I'm now bereft;  
I'll run this show and run it weee.  
By Jove! It is as hot as h—l.

(Confused murmur comes from left.)

*First Voice*—

I don't care a bit what they may say,  
He stopped to fix it on the way.

*Second Voice*—

I know he stopped that old machine  
And filled it up with gasoline.

*Third Voice*—

Well his observer told a lie.

I saw him stalled as I passed by.

*All Voices*—

You know you stopped your fool machine;  
You know you poured in gasoline;  
And I will tell you something more,  
You never made a perfect score.  
I did! You didn't! Yes, I did!  
Come on I'll bat you on the lid.

(Confused shouting and signs of battle.)  
Curtain.

Act 4. The office of *Pacific Motoring*. Bill, the Blacksmith discovered seated in a venerable swivel desk chair before an equally venerable roll top desk.

*Bill, the Blacksmith*—

Ha, ha! Ho, ho! I have it now,

I see where I can cause a row.

I've made this protest right you bet;

I'll make that good Jim Morley sweat.

(Reads from a paper on his desk.)

"We one and all will certify,

As sure as we expect to die,

That Bill, the Blacksmith knows his craft,

And will expose all petty graft.

At home we do not eat too well,

But this we wish right now to tell;

At Riverside the food was bad,

At Elsinore it made us sad.

At Escondido it was worse,

But Lakeside really made us curse.

We like the great Endurance game,

But Walter Hempel is to blame;

Six bits we paid for every meal—

The extra two bits was a steal."

(Enter Ninth Street Nineveh, Superior Solomon and Percival Powders.)

This protest sign without delay;

That's why I brought you here today.

They sign.

Act 5. Meeting place of the Local Dealers' Association. The stage is dark. Enter Joke Powder Jack who walks to center laughing as lights rise.

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! My fun I poke;

This business really is a joke,

And lest some ill to me betide,

While I am watching, I will hide.

(Hides behind screen to left. Enter solemn aggregation of auto dealers, headed by Five Hundred Phil and Mike, the Manager.)

*Five Hundred Phil*—

Gentlemen, be seated. Thank you all  
For coming here tonight.

I knew that you would heed my call  
And come in all your might.

There is a man named Blacksmith Bill;

Come read what he has said

About the great Five Hundred Phil

And yet he is not dead.

Three signatures he has obtained—

A wily man is he;

# THOMAS DETROIT

**40 Horse Power.**

Cylinders offset one inch, giving more power, and eliminating knock. Three-speed selective transmission. Large, roomy tonneau.

The sweetest, smoothest, quietest proposition on wheels.

We would be glad to take you out and show you some hill stunts.

Price, with Top, complete, \$3100.

## Western Motor Car Co.

Distributors.

415 South Hill Street.

Charles E. Anthony, President.

Earle C. Anthony, Manager.

## Western Rubber & Supply Co.

—AGENTS FOR—



## TIRES

VULCANIZING

1010 South Main St.

Home F 3998. Sunset Broadway 3336.

Jobbers of Auto Sundries Wholesale & Retail

## GOODYEAR

## TIRES

## THE BEST

**FRANKLIN MOTOR CARS**

All Models Ready for Demonstration

R. C. HAMLIN

1806 S. Main St.

B4402

South 909



The carpet's on the floor my friends,  
Where these three men should be.

The three signers of the Declaration are led onto the stage handcuffed and closely guarded by fifty-five deputy sheriffs. At this moment, Joke Powder Jack, hidden behind the screen, sneezes violently, the screen topples over and he rushes to center. As he looks around everybody silently leaves the stage. He yawns looks around again and says, "Oh, forget it, you fellows, it's only a dream." Curtain.

It is very hard to sit down to a typewriter and hammer out jingles that amount to anything (You must find it very hard indeed, judging by your recent poor work—*Ralph*) so I make no excuse for the meter in the above effort. It does what I intend it should do—hold you to ridicule to readers of the *Graphic* and, as you know, they are the people who have the money with which to buy automobiles. I know perfectly well that everybody will be looking for some kind of a comment on the subject from me and now you have it. For the rest—*Forget it, fellows!* You Blacksmith, quit your knocking; you signers, be sorry you signed; you Morley, be repentant for your very obvious mismanagement, and all of you fellows try and forget these petty business jealousies and let us make the next endurance run what it should be, a time for good autoists to get together, to forget little trade differences, to find out good a man the other dealer is and how good a car he has for sale. Every one of you is built on sportsmanlike lines. Then why will you insist on hauling taut when running free, and making land-lubbers of yourselves? You do it and you know you do. Take my tip—look out for the humor of the situation and then laugh. Laugh as loud and as long as you want to. When you cannot find anything else to laugh at come to me and ask me to tell you a coster story and then you can laugh some more. You men who are so much in the open air where you feel the warm welcome of our one and only California sun, where you meet the rush of the sweet morning breeze and know the joy of life and speed, should be above these petty squabbles. Am I sermonising? Perhaps I am, but if everybody joined the open air brigade and preached ten times as hard as I do, God knows the world would be better for it.

To you all I send a friendly greeting. There is not one of you that is not a better man than I am in anything but the foolish faculty of being able to sit at a typewriter and hammer out hot air. Yet I talk to you as a grandfather. I am right though because I am on the outside and can see what is going on. I cannot run a car and never could sell one. My good friend, Otheman Stevens, probably could not act a small part, yet he can call the turn on any actor that ever tramped the kindling and can write of a play so that one does not have to spend money to go and see it. Imagine, then, that it is the same with me, and, from Ever-ready Elmores down to Never-stop Cadillacs, I ask you from my heart out, boys—*Forget it!*

Randall Parrish has written a new story, which A. C. McClurg & Co. will publish early in the fall. Unlike his previous novels, it is understood to be a romance of today, and the action is laid in the mountains and among the mining camps of Colorado. The title of the new romance will be *Beth Norvell*. The heroine is a talented young actress and the hero a stalwart young mining engineer. N. C. Wyeth will illustrate the book.

## The Logomobile and the Winton

Both Finished the Lakeside Endurance Run with Perfect Scores

We are also agents for the following High-Grade Foreign Cars: **Panhard, Mercedes, Renault**, and the world renowned **Isotta Fraschini**; also America's acknowledged best built car, **The Simplex**.

All the above cars are now on exhibition in our salesrooms and we invite inspection by all discriminating autoists who appreciate "QUALITY"

E. E. CAISTER, Manager.  
L. J. SACKETT, Gen'l Sales Manager,  
Simplex Automobile Co., N. Y. City

**Success Automobile Co.**

Corner Pico and Hill Sts.

Both Phones

Home 2515

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Under New Management!

In the Heart of the Town

## Angelus Garage and Machine Co.

Late of National Garage.

Successors to

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110-12-14 East Third St.

Open all night

Storage. Repairing

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*Mitchell*

in the Lakeside endurance run has demonstrated that it is not necessary to pay half again their prices for perfection in motor car operation on the roads.

**TWO MITCHELLS ENTERED AND BOTH MAKE PERFECT SCORES**

One Runabout and one 35 H. P. Touring Car

Look to economy records for Mitchell economy—the surprise of all who investigate

The Mitchell cars were admired by many owners of cars costing double their prices on account of their wonderful power to negotiate the heavy grades on high gear—their freedom from boiling water, when high priced cars stopped and were penalized for taking on water. Read the records; they tell the tale.

Buy a Mitchell and you'll go through. Road conditions are all alike to these sturdy cars.

"The World's Greatest Automobile Values."

Fifteenth and Main

**GREER-ROBBINS CO.**

# THE Haynes

30 Horsepower Touring Car made a perfect score in the Los Angeles-Lakeside Endurance run.

You can always depend on the Haynes.

**SUPERIOR AUTO CO.**

130 East Ninth Street

F 7729

Main 8803



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Every dollar of your idle money should be earning interest. It isn't necessary to invest it or tie it up. We will pay you 4 per cent. interest on your savings account. We also solicit your commercial business. Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent from \$2.00 up.

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## Leaves to Cut

The world of letters is suffering from anemia. This, at least, is the conclusion reached by a writer in the London *Nation*, a new English literary and political review.

"We must go back more than a century," it is asserted, "to find a time so barren as the present of great utterance in verse or prose." In an effort to find some of "the influences of our time adverse to great literature, its production and its enjoyment," the only true answer, according to the writer, can be found. It is this:

"Our incapacity for great passions. The reason for this is not that we live in a scientific, a mechanical age. \* \* \* There is no reason to suppose that the marvelous advances of the physical sciences have encroached upon some limited stock of mental or spiritual energy in the nation. The drive of specialism in all departments of intellectual and practical activity has doubtless had more to do with the paucity of literary and artistic yield. For great literature and art demand the presence of the sense of wholeness in life, the universe

standard, without which all creative emotion runs into abnormality and precocity. But why do we appear incapable of great passions seeking expression in literary forms? It is not that the wells of national feeling are running dry, that the ease of living and personal security have brought languor and indifference. There is no warrant for such pessimism; our energies of mind and body remain unabated; the zest of life, the keenness of intelligence, the craving for enjoyment flow as strong as ever, but they are dissipated in innumerable shallow channels. It is this dissipation of feeling, this distraction of intelligence, that squanders our powers of creation and enjoyment.

"But is not only by distraction and dissipation that the new life of the nation debars itself from wholesome, sustaining, and ennobling literary food. Literature is required to do a larger national work than it has ever yet been called upon to do. \* \* \* Almost all our past writers, excepting stage dramatists, have written for the classes in a more or less extended sense; even those who, like Wordsworth, dealt simply and understandingly with the common folk were not writing for them; there has been in England no national poet as Burns is national in Scotland. It is

## Financial

William R. Barnes, vice-president of the Union Savings Bank, of Pasadena, is dead. Mr. Barnes was born in Pomeroy, O., in 1859 and after receiving a college education went to McArthur, O., where he engaged in business. In 1889 he went to Colorado Springs and in 1897 he became identified with the Exchange National Bank of that place. He removed to Pasadena a few years ago and engaged in banking.

Irving H. Hellman has been elected a director of the Merchants National Bank, of which his brother, Marco H. Hellman, is vice-president and cashier. Until recently Irving Hellman was city inspector of re-inforced concrete buildings but he has given up this position so as to devote his attention to the affairs of the estate of his father, the late Herman W. Hellman.

### Bonds.

On August 5 the Board of Supervisors of Riverside County will sell bonds of the Banning school district to the amount of \$24,000.

Ontario votes July 27 on an issue of \$42,000 school bonds.

Compton has voted favorably on an issue of \$60,000 for street improvements.

Very soon Pasadena will vote on an issue of \$175,000 for a municipal lighting plant.

The Board of Trade of Corona is trying to devise means by which the city may be bonded for \$25,000 to assist in erecting a sanatorium.

Santa Barbara voted favorably on the issue of \$50,000 boulevard bonds.



### GERMAN AMERICAN SAVINGS BANK

**"I've Been Thinking,"**

Said a young man the other day, "that the best thing that I could do would be to open a Savings Account in some strong, reliable bank."

It is the best thing that any young man can do. Savings Banks have helped more young men to financial independence than any other one factor.

**We Pay 4 Per Cent Interest**  
**Open a Savings Account Today**  
**223 South Spring St.**

**FIRST NATIONAL BANK.**  
Wilcox Bldg., corner Second and Spring.  
Los Angeles, Cal.

Statement at close of Business, May 20, 1907

**RESOURCES.**

Loans and Discounts .....	\$11,016,893.66
Bonds, Securities, Etc. ....	2,641,078.99
Cash and Sight Exchange .....	5,083,059.42

**Total .....** \$18,741,032.07

**LIABILITIES.**

Capital Stock .....	\$ 1,250,000.00
*Surplus and Undivided Profits .....	1,452,172.10
Circulation .....	1,233,200.00
Bonds borrowed .....	145,000.00
Deposits .....	14,660,659.97

**Total .....** \$18,741,032.07

\*Additional Assets—One million five hundred thousand dollars. Invested in the stock of the Los Angeles Trust Company and the Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company, and held by the officers of the First National Bank as trustees, in the interest of the shareholders of that bank.

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the dawning recognition of this new need and opportunity, involving not only a readjustment of poetic forms and values, but a mighty confidence of vocation, that is giving this marked pause in our literary art."

Physicians nowadays smile at the idea of "overwork" but are concerned with the disease of the day—worry. Work is healthy, worry is deadly. Dr. C. W. Saleeby has written over 300 pages on *Worry* (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) not merely as causing the death of happiness and peace but also as "the cause predisposing to disease which otherwise would have been escaped altogether." His testimony, based on actual experience and careful study, is to the effect that worry is the immediate cause determining the fatal issue of illnesses which otherwise might have been survived. Worry is alleged to be the most potent cause of insomnia, and as a contributory cause to a long list of human ills.

Dr. Saleeby's views and philosophical speculations upon worry as the "disease of the age" are interesting. Every access of civilization, he asserts, tends to augment the malady. Printing must have multiplied it a hundred-fold. Modern cities, with their killing pace, their foul air, and artificial conditions, have done as much. It is indeed to the "citi-fied" that the author directly addresses his book. The highly complex life of the city is a direct breeder of worry. Year by year worry, fear, and fretting are declared to increase the percentage of self-inflicted deaths. It is also regarded as being symptomatic of the general disease that men and women show their need for psychic help by the invention of new religions whose principal claim to consideration is based on their potency to bring peace and content of mind.

*The Sinner*, by Antonio Fogazzaro (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a sequel to *The Patriot*. Piero, the son of Franco and Luisa, is the hero, and we are treated to a soul analysis of the son as we were of the parents. Piero's wife is insane, and under this tragedy an illicit consolation is offered by his contact with Jeanne Dassalle, herself the victim of a brutal husband, to whom she is still tied. The American mind would handle this situation with a directness that would, exteriorly at least, be a solution, and so it is with something of an admiring wonder that we watch the soul struggles and the introspections of a man and a woman who have made the greatest of all mistakes and who stand bewildered by over-trained conscience. The kind of heredity that is here dealt with was once a scientific axiom. It may be so still, in some quarters, but the literary plan of "writing up" three or four generations in order to exploit a theory of this kind is not convincing. Those who read understandingly and with the yardstick of experience, will question seriously whether Franco and Luisa would have been likely to have such a son as Piero.

*The Diary of Delia*, by Orot Watanna (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is put forth by those responsible for it as the "most humorous story of the season," as "the servant's answer to the great American question." It is written entirely in dialect—a dialect of the unheard-of species which is attained by the process of mangling almost every single word in the lexicon. "Kailyard," says the *Literary Digest*, "is easy reading compared to this Esperanto of the scullery. The prose of Mr. Dooley and Captain Costigan are classic in comparison with it. Obviously, it has been the author's intention to present her heroine in the unreliev-

ed vulgarity aimed at by caricaturists who exploit this type. Delia is presented as a sort of virago Gorgon—a cook, it is true, but a cook able at will to freeze with a stare any member of the household who has the temerity to oppose her. It is a pity that the author did not elect to tell the history of her heroine in some language intelligible to human beings. To say that the book is lacking in any vestige of humor is not derogatory, for no one expects humor in Yahoo or Tibetan."

It is a long time since a public literary performance by a college undergraduate has received so much attention from the outside world as this year's Harvard Class Day poem. The author was Herman Hagadorn, Jr., of New York, who graduated with very high distinction in scholarship, and who, besides, employed himself industriously during his college course as a writer in the college papers. His Class Day poem was copied at length in many newspapers, and was generally credited in discourse with being the best Class Day poem any one could remember. Frank Sanborn, who ought to know, says he never heard of a good class poem, and intimates that class poets are too young to have learned how to make them; but Hagadorn certainly made a very effective attempt. The young poet, as observed is credited to New York, but we are told that both his parents are natives of Germany, who came to this country, transacted business to their advantage, bestowed upon this youth the privilege of being born into the stimulating atmosphere of this republic, and in due time returned to Germany, where they now live.—*Harper's Weekly*.

The late David A. Wells, economic writer, statistician and apostle of free trade left an estate of about \$40,000, largely invested in protected industries. Mr. Wells left part of his money to Harvard University and part to Williams College, the income to be used for prizes to students who should write the best essays on certain kinds of subjects. The income is so large that the Massachusetts Supreme Court has decided that besides the cost of printing and distribution, part of the income is to be devoted to paying a professor in each institution who will not only teach the subjects designated but examine the essays. Mr. Wells in his will provided as follows: "No subjects shall be selected for competitive writing or investigation, and no essay shall be considered, which in any way advocates or defends the spoliation of property under form or process of law; or the restriction of commerce in time of peace by legislation, except for moral or sanitary purposes; or the enactment of usury laws; or the impairment of contracts by the debasement of coin; or the issue and use by government of irredeemable notes or promises to pay intended to be used as currency and as a substitute for money; or which defends the endowment of such paper, 'notes,' and 'promises to pay' with the legal-tender quality." Nothing in this for protection or 16 to 1.

Of Arthur T. Hadley's latest book, *The Standards of Public Morality* (Macmillan & Co.) the *Argonaut* says: "By the publication of such lectures as these President Hadley is doing a public educational work of some value. There are five of these lectures in the present volume, and they deal with the ethics of trade and of corporate management, our political machinery, the duties of the citizen, and the formation of public opinion. They contain no new theories nor startling excursions, but by their graceful and per-

suasive manner, by their knowledge of facts, and by their toleration, they constitute a strong appeal to the masses of men who have minds but who never think, and to whom it rarely occurs to challenge the credentials of the existing order. The lecture on *Public Opinion* is perhaps the most illuminating, a lecture that it would be well for all reformers to read. It shows us how all the great axioms and safeguards of liberty must become inevitably the very engines of tyranny unless they are supplemented and modified by a public opinion which, in its creation and direction ought to be the chief concern of leaders and teachers.

Abram C. Dayton is the author of *Last Days of Knickerbocker Life in New York*, (Putnam's). The author carries the reader up to the time of the Civil War. Every New York reviewer writes in the highest praise of this work.

Scribner's have issued in book form four lectures delivered by Secretary Elihu Root at New Haven, the title being, *The Citizen's Part In Government*. The subject is examined from four points of view: first, the task inherited or assumed by members of the governing body in a democracy; second, the function of political parties as agencies of the governing body; third, the duties of a citizen as a member of a political party; and last, the grounds for an optimistic forecast of the future of the American Republic.

Timber Land Act, June 3, 1878.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE.

Los Angeles, Cal., May 14th, 1907.

Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878, entitled "An act for the sale of timber lands in the States of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington Territory," as extended to all the Public Land States by act of August 4, 1892, John Alfred Wilmot of Santa Monica, county of Los Angeles, State of California, has this day filed in this office his sworn statement, No. —, for the purchase of S.W. 1/4 of section No. 15, in township No. 1 South, Range No. 17 W., S.B.M., and will offer proof to show that the land sought is more valuable for its timber or stone than for agricultural purposes; and to establish his claim to said land before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on Tuesday, the 6th day of August, 1907.

He names as witnesses: John N. Henry, Chauncey E. Hubbell, Arthur X. Wilmot, Frank Machado, all of Santa Monica, Cal.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the above-described lands are requested to file their claims in this office on or before said 6th day of August, 1907.

FRANK C. PRESCOTT,  
Register.

June 1-9th—date of first publication June 1, 1907.

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